~~TREASURE ROOM~~
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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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Received 1 May, 1873.

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Fletcher's Woman Hater, 1607.

First ed. Of great rarity.

34

THE VVOMAN HATER.

As it hath beene lately Acted by the Children of Paules.

LONDON

Printed, and are to be sold by *John Hodgets* in Paules Church-yard. 1607.

81.88/2

Barton

160.264
May. 1873

The Prologue.

Gentlemen, Inductions are out of date, and a Prologue in Verſe is as ſtale, as a blacke Veluet Cloake, and a Bay Garland: Therefore you ſhall haue it plaine Proſe thus: If there be any amongſt you, that come to heare laſciuious Scenes, let them depart: for I doe pronounce this, to the viter diſcomfort of all two peny Gallerie men, you ſhall haue no bawdrie in it: or if there bee any lurking amongſt you in corners, with Table bookes, who haue ſome hope to find fit matter to feede his ——— mallice on, let them claſpe them vp, and ſlinke away, or ſtay and be conuerted. For he that made this Play, meanes to pleaſe Auditors ſo, as hee may bee an Auditor himſelfe hereafter, and not purchaſe them with the deare loſſe of his eares: I dare not call it Comedie, or Tragedie; 'tis perfectly neyther: A Play it is, which was meant to make you laugh, how it will pleaſe you, is not written in my part: For though you ſhould like it to day, perhaps your ſelues know not how you ſhould diſgeſt it to morrow: Some things in it you may meete with, which are out of the common Roade: a Duke there is, and the Scene lyes in Italy, as thoſe two

thinges lightly wee neuer misse. But you shall not find in it the ordinarie and ouer-worne trade of ieasting at Lordes and Courtiers, and Citizens, without taxation of any particular or new vice by them found out, but at the persons of them: such, he that made this, thinkes vile; and for his owne part vowes, That hee did neuer thinke, but that a Lord borne might bee a wise man, and a Courtier an honest man.

The

The Woman Hater.

Actvs I. Scena I.

Enter Duke of Millaine, Arrigo, Lucio, and two Courtiers.

IS now the sweetest time for sleepe, the night is scarce spent; *Arrigo*, what's a clocke?

Arr. Past foure.

Duk. Is it so much, and yet the morne not vp? See yōder where the shamfac'd maidē comes Into our sight, how gently doeth shee slide, Hiding her chaste cheekes, like a modest Bride; With a red vaile of blushes; as is shee, Euen such all modest vertuous women be. Why thinkes your Lordship I am vp so soone?

Lucio. About some waightie State plot.

Duk. And what thinkes your knighthood of it?

Arr. I doe thinke, to cure some strange corruptions in the common wealth.

Duk. Y'are well conceited of your selues, to thinke I choose you out to beare me company In such affaires and businesse of state: But am not I a patterne for all Princes, That breake my softe sleepe for my subiects good? Am I not carefull? very prouident?

Luc. Your grace is carefull.

Arri. Very prouident.

Duk. Nay knew you how my serious working plots, Concerne the whole estates of all my subiects, I and their liues; then *Lucio* thou wouldst sweare, I were a louing Prince.

Lucio. I thinke your grace intendes to walke the publique ſtreetes diſguiſed, to ſee the ſtreetes diſorders.

Duke. It is not ſo.

Arrig. You ſecretly will croſſe ſome other ſtates, that doe conſpire againſt you.

Duke. Waightier farre:
You are my friendes, and you ſhall haue the cauſe;
I breake my ſleepes thus ſoone to ſee a wench.

Lucio. Y'are woundrous carefull for your ſubjects good.

Arrig. You are a very louing Prince in deed.

Duke. This care I take for them, when their dull eyes,
Are clos'd with heauie ſlumbers.

Arr. Then you riſe to ſee your wenches?

Lucio. What *Millaine* beautie hath the power, to charme her Soueraignes eyes, and breake his ſleepes?

Duke. Siſter to Count *Valore*: She's a maide
Would make a Prince, forget his throne and ſtate,
And lowly kneele to her: the generall fate
Of all mortalitie, is hers to giue;
As ſhe diſpoſeth, ſo we die and liue.

Luc. My Lord, the day grow's cleere, the Court will riſe.

Duke. We ſtay too long, is the the *Vmbranoes* head as wee commaunded, ſent to the ſadde *Gondarino*, our generall?

Arr. Tis ſent.

Duk. But ſtay, where ſhines that light?

Arrig. Tis in the chamber of *Lazarello.*

Duke. *Lazarello?* what is he?

Arrig. A Courtier my Lord, and one that I wonder your grace knowes not: for he hath followed your Court, and your laſt predeceſſors, from place to place, any time this ſeauen yeare, as faithfully as your Spits and your Dripping-pans haue done, and almoſt as greaſely.

Duke O we knowe him as we haue heard: he keepes a kallender of all the famous diſhes of meate, that haue bin in the Court, euer ſince our great Graundfathers time; and when he can thruſt in at no Table, hee makes his meate of that.

Lucio The

Lucio The very same my Lord.

Duke. A Courtier cal'st thou him?
Beleeue me *Lucio*, there be many such
About our Court, respected, as they thinke,
Euen by our selfe; with thee I will be plaine:
We Princes do vse, to prefer many for nothing, and to take particular and free knowledge, almost in the nature of acquaintance of many; whome we do vse only for our pleasures, and do giue largely to numberes; more out of pollicy, to be thought liberall, and by that meanes to make the people striue to deserue our loue; then to reward any particular desert of theirs, to whome we giue: and doo suffer our selues to heere Flatterers, more for recreation
Then for loue of it, though we sildome hate it:
And yet we know all these, and when we please,
Can touch the wheele, and turne their names about.

Lu. I wonder they that know their states so well, should fancie such base slaues.

Duke. Thou wondrest *Lucio*,
Do'st not thou thinke, if thou wert *Duke* of *Millaine*,
Thou should'st be flattered?

Lucio I knowe my Lord, I would not.

Duke. Why so I thought till I was Duke, I thought I should haue left me no more Flatterers, then there are now plaine-dealers; and yet for all this my resolution, I am most palpably flattered: the poore man may loath couetousnes & flattery; but Fortune will alter the minde whē the winde turnes: there may be well a little conflict, but it will driue the byllowes before it.
Arrigo it grow's late, for see faire *Thetis* hath vndon the bares
To *Phebus* teame; and his vnriual'd light,
Hath chas'd the mornings modest blush away:
Now must we to our loue, bright *Paphian* Queene;
Thou *Cytherean* goddesse, that delights
In stirring glaunces, and art still thy selfe,
More toying then thy teame of Sparrowes bee;
Thou laughing *Erecina* O inspire

Her

Her heart with loue, or leſſen my deſire.

Exeunt.

Scena II.

Enter Lazarello and his Boy.

Laz. Goe runne, ſearch, pry in euery nooke and Angle of the kitchins, larders, and paſteries, know what meate's boyl'd, bak'd, roſt, ſtew'd, fri'de, or ſows'd, at this dinner to be ſeru'd directly, or indirectly, to euery ſeuerall table in the Court, be gone.

Boy. I runne, but not ſo faſt, as your mouth will doe vpon the ſtroake of eleuen. *Exit Boy.*

Laz. What an excellent thing did God beſtow vpon man, when he did giue him a good ſtomacke? what vnbounded graces there are powr'd vpon them, that haue the continuall command of the very beſt of theſe bleſſings? Tis an excellent thing to bee a Prince, hee is ſeru'd with ſuch admirable varietie of fare; ſuch innumerable choiſe of delicates, his tables are full fraught with moſt nouriſhing foode, & his cupbords heauie laden with rich wines; his Court is ſtill filled with moſt pleaſing varieties: In the Summer, his pallace is ful of greene geeſe; and in Winter, it ſwarmeth woodcockes,

O thou Goddeſſe of plentie
Fill me this day with ſome rare delicates,
And I will euery yeare moſt conſtantly,
As this day celebrate a ſumptuous feaſt,
If thou wilt ſend me victuals in thine honor;
And to it ſhall be bidden for thy ſake,
Euen al the valiant ſtomacks in the Court:
All ſhort-cloak'd Knights, & al croſſe-garter'd gentlemē;
All pumpe and pantofle, foot-cloth riders;
With all the ſwarming generation
Of long ſtocks, ſhort pain'd hoſe, & huge ſtuff'd dublets:
All theſe ſhal eate, and which is more then yet
Hath ere bee ne ſeene, they ſhall be ſatisfied.
I wonder my Ambaſſador returnes not! *Enter Boy*

Boy

Boy. Here I am Maister.

Laza. And welcome:
Neuer did that sweete Virgin in her smocke,
Faire cheek'd *Andromeda*, when to the rocke
Her yuorie limbes were chain'de, and straight before
A huge Sea monster, tumbling to the shoare,
To haue deuoured her, with more longing sight
Expect the comming of some hardy Knight,
That might haue quel'd his pride, and set her free,
Then I with longing sight haue look'd for thee.

Boy. Your *Perseus* is come Master, that will destroy him,
The very comfort of whose presence shuts
The monster hunger from your yelping guts

Laza. Briefe boy, briefe, discourse the seruice of each seuerall Table compendiously.

Boy. Heres a Bill of all Sir.

Laza. Giue it mee. A Bill of all the seuerall seruices this day appointed for euery Table in the Court:
I, this is it on which my hopes relye;
Within this paper all my ioyes are clos'de:
Boy open it, and read it with reuerence.

Boy. For the Captain of the Guards Table, three chynes of Beefe, and two jolls of Sturgeon.

Laza. A portly seruice, but grosse, grosse, proceed to the Dukes owne Table, deare boy to the Dukes owne Table.

Boy. For the Dukes owne Table, the head of an *Vmbrana*.

Laza. Is't possible! can Heauen bee so propitious to the Duke?

Boy. Yes, Ile assure you Sir, 'tis possible, Heauen is so propitious to him.

Laza. Why then he is the richest Prince aliue:
He were the wealthiest Monarch in all Europe,
Had he no other Territories, Dominions, Prouinces, Seats,
Nor Pallaces, but only that *Vmbranaes* head.

Boy. 'Tis very fresh and sweet sir, the fish was taken but this night, & the head as a rare noueltie appointed by speciall cõmandement for the dukes own Table, this dinner.

Laza. If poore vnworthy I may come to eat
Of this most sacred dish, I here do vow
(If that blind huswife Fortune will bestow
But meanes on me) to keepe a sumptuous house,
A board groning vnder the heauie burden of the beastes that cheweth the cudde, and the Fowle that cutteth the ayre: I shall not like the table of a countrey Iustice, besprinckled ouer with all manner of cheape Sallets, sliced Beefe, Giblets, and Pettitoes, to fill vp roome, nor should there stand any great, combersome, vncut vp pyes at the nether end fill'd with mosse and stones, partly to make a shew with, and partly to keepe the lower messe from eating, nor shall my meat come in sneaking like the Cittie-seruice, one dish a quarter of an houre after one another gone, as if they had appointed to meet there, and had mistooke the houre, nor should it like the new Court seruice come in, in hast, as if it faine would be gone againe, all courses at once, like a hunting breakefast, but I would haue my seuerall courses, and my dishes well fil'd, my first course should bee brought in after the auntient manner, by a score of old bleere-ey'de Seruingmen, in long blewe coates, (marry they shall buy silke, facing, and buttons themselues) but that's by the way.

Boy. Maister the time call's on, will you be walking.

Exit Boy.

Laza. Follow boy, follow, my guts were halfe an houre since in the priuie kitchin. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertii.

Enter Counte and his sister Oriana.

Oria. Faith brother I must needs goe yonder.

Count. And y faith sister what will you do yonder.

Oria. I know the Lady *Honoria* will be glad to see mee.

Count. Glad to see you, fayth the Lady *Honoria* cares for you as she doth for all other young Ladies, shee's glad to see

ſee you, and will ſhew you the priuie Garden, and tel you how many gownes the Ducheſſe had: Marry if you haue euer an old vncle, that would be a Lord, or euer a kinſman that hath done a murther, or committed a robberie, and will giue good ſtore of money to procure his pardon, then the Lady *Honoria* will be glad to ſee you.

Oria. I, but they ſay one ſhall ſee fine ſights at the Court.

Count. Ile tell you what you ſhall ſee, you ſhall ſee many faces of mans making, for you ſhall find very fewe as God left them: and you ſhall ſee many legges too; amongſt the reſt you ſhall behould one payre, the feete of which, were in times paſt ſockeleſſe, but are now through the change of time (that alters all thinges) very ſtrangely become the legges of a Knight and a Courtier: another payre you ſhall ſee, that were heire apparant legges to a Glouer, theſe legges hope ſhortly to bee honourable; when they paſſe by they will bowe, and the mouth to theſe legges, will ſeeme to offer you ſome Courtſhip; it will ſweare, but it will lye, heare it not.

Oria. Why, and are not theſe fine ſights?

Count. Siſter, in ſerioufneſſe you yet are young
And faire, a faire young maid and apt.

Oria. Apt?

Count. Exceeding apt, apt to be drawne to.

Oria. To what?

Count. To that you ſhould not be, 'tis no diſpraiſe,
She is not bad that hath deſire to ill,
But ſhe that hath no power to rule that will:
For there you ſhalbe woed in other kinds
Then yet your yeares haue knowne, the chiefeſt men
Will ſeeme to throw themſelues
As vaſſailes at your ſeruice, kiſſe your hand,
Prepare you banquets, maskes, ſhewes, all inticements
That wit and luſt together can deuiſe,
To draw a Ladie from the ſtate of grace

To an old Lady wyddowes Gallery;
And they will prayſe your vertues, beware that,
The only way to turne a woman whore,
Is to commend her chaſtitie: youle goe?

Oria. I would goe, if it were but only to ſhew you, that I could be there, and be mou'd with none of theſe trickes.

Cont. Your ſeruants are ready?

Oria An houre ſince

Cont. Well, if you come off cleere from this hot ſeruice, Your praiſe ſhall be the greater. Farewell Siſter.

Oria. Farewell Brother.

Cont. Once more, if you ſtay in the preſence till candle-light, keep on the foreſide oth' Curtaine; & do you heare, take heed of the old Bawd, in the cloth of Tiſſue-ſleeues, and the knit Mittins. Farewell Siſter. *Exit Oria.*

Now am I idle, I would I had bin a Scholler, that I might a ſtudied now: the puniſhment of meaner men is, they haue too much to doe; our onely miſerie is, that without company we know not what to doe; I muſt take ſome of the common courſes of our Nobilitie; which is thus: if I can find no company that likes mee, plucke off my Hat-band, throw an old Cloake ouer my face, and as if I would not bee knowne, walke haſtely through the ſtreetes, till I be diſcouered; then there goes Counte ſuch a one, ſayes one; there goes Counte ſuch a one, ſayes another: Looke how faſt he goes, ſayes a third; there's ſome great matters in hand queſtionleſſe, ſayes a fourth; when all my buſi-neſſe is to haue them ſay ſo: this hath beene vſed; or if I can find any companie, Ile after dinner to the Stage, to ſee a Play; where, when I firſt enter, you ſhall haue a murmure in the houſe, euery one that does not knowe, cries, what Noble man is that; all the Gallants on the Stage riſe, vayle to me, kiſſe their hand, offer mee their places: then I picke out ſome one, whom I pleaſe to grace among the reſt, take his ſeate, vſe it, throw my cloake ouer my face, and laugh at him: the poore gentle-man imagines himſelfe moſt highly grac'd, thinkes all the

Auditors

Auditors esteeme him one of my bosome friendes, and in right speciall regard with me. But here comes a Gentleman, that I hope will make me better sport, then eyther street and stage fooleries. *Enter Lazarello and Boy.* This man loues to eat good meate, alwayes prouided hee do not pay for it himselfe: he goes by the name of the *Hungarie Courtier*; marry, because I thinke that name will not sufficiently distinguish him, for no doubt hee hath more fellowes there, his name is *Lazarello*, he is none of these same ordinary eaters, that will deuour three breakfasts, & as many dinners, without any preiudice to their beauers, drinkings or suppers; but he hath a more courtly kind of hunger, and doth hunt more after nouelty, then plenty, Ile ouer-heare him.

Laza. O thou most itching kindly appetite,
Which euery creature in his stomacke feeles;
O leaue, leaue yet at last thus to torment me.
Three seuerall Sallets haue I sacrifiz'de,
Bedew'd with precious oyle and vineger
Already to appease thy greedy wrath. Boy.

Boy. Sir.

Laza. Will the Count speake with me.

Boy. One of his Gentlemen is gone to enforme him of your comming Sir.

Laza. There is no way left for me to compasse this Fish head, but by being presently made knowne to the Duke.

Boy. That will be hard Sir.

Laza. When I haue tasted of this sacred dish,
Then shall my bones rest in my fathers tombe
In peace, then shall I dye most willingly,
And as a dish be seru'd to satisfie
Deaths hunger, and I will be buried thus:
My Beere shalbe a charger borne by foure,
The coffin where I lye, a powdring tubbe,
Bestrew'd with Lettice, and coole sallet hearbes,
My winding sheet of Tansyes, the blacke guard
Shalbe my solemne mourners, and in stead

Of ceremonies, wholesome buriall prayers:
A printed dirge in ryme, shall burie me
In stead of teares, let them poure Capon sauce
Vpon my hearse, and salt in stead of dust,
Manchets for stones, for other glorious shields
Giue me a Voyder, and aboue my hearse
For a Trutch sword, my naked knife stucke vp.

The Count discouers himselfe.

Boy. Master, the Count is here.

Laza. Where? my Lord I do beseech you.

Count. Y'are very welcome sir, I pray you stand vp, you shall dine with me.

Laza. I do beseech your Lordship by the loue
I still haue borne to your honourable house.

Count. Sir, what need all this? you shall dine with me, I pray rise.

Laza. Perhaps your Lordship takes me for one of these same fellowes, that do as it were respect victuals.

Count. O sir, by no meanes.

Laza. Your Lordship ha's often promised, that whensoeuer I should affect greatnesse, your owne hand should helpe to raise me.

Count. And so much still assure your selfe of.

Laza. And though I must confesse, I haue euer shun'de popularitie by the example of others, yet I do now feele my selfe a little ambitious, your Lordship is great, and though young, yet a priuie Counseller.

Count. I pray you sir leape into the matter, what would you haue me doe for you?

Laza. I would entreat your Lordship to make mee knowne to the Duke. *Count.* When sir?

Laza. Suddenly my Lord, I would haue you present me vnto him this morning.

Count. It shall be done, but for what vertues, would you haue him take notice of you?

Laza. Your Lordship shall know that presently.
T'is pitty of this fellow, he is of good wit, & sufficient vnderstan-

dertlading, whē he is not trobled with this greedy worm.

Lazar. Faith, you may intreat him to take notice of mee for any thing; for beeing an excellent Farrier, for playing well at Span-counter, or sticking kniues in walles, for being impudent, or for nothing: why may not I bee a Fauorite on the suddaine, I see nothing against it.

Count. Not so sir, I know you haue not the face to bee a fauorite on the suddaine.

Laz. Why thē you shall present me as a gētlemā wel qualified, or one extraordinary seen in diuers strāge misteries.

Count. In what Sir? as howe?

Laz. Marrie as thus--- *Enter Intelligencer.*

Count. Yonders my olde Spirit, that hath haunted mee daily, euer since I was a priuie Counsellor, I must be rid of him, I pray you stay there, I am a litle buisie, I wil speak with you presently.

Lazar. You shall bring mee in, and after a little other talke, taking me by the hand, you shall vtter these wordes to the Duke: May it please your grace, to take note of a gentleman, well read, deepely learned, and throughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all Sallets and pothearbs whatsoeuer.

Count. 'Twill be rare, if you will walke before Sir, I will ouertake you instantly.

Lazar. Your Lordships euer.

Count. This fellow is a kind of Informer, one that liues in Alehouses, and Tauerns, and because hee perceiues some worthy men in this land, with much labour & great expence, to haue discouered things dangerously hanging ouer the State; hee thinks to discouer as much out of the talke of drunkards in Taphouses: hee brings me informations, pick'd out of broken wordes, in mens common talke, which with his malitious misapplication, hee hopes will seeme dangerous, hee doeth besides bring mee the names of all the young Gentlemen in the Citie, that vse Ordinaries, or Tauerns, talking (to my thinking) only as the freedom of their youth teach thē, without any

further

further ends; for dangerous and seditious spirits, he is besides an arrant whore-master, as any is in *Millaine*, of a lay man. I will not meddle with the Clergie, he is parcell Lawier, & in my conscience much of their religion, I must put vpon him some peece of seruice; come hither Sir, what haue you to do with me?

Int. Little my Lord, I onely come to knowe how your Lordship would employ me.

Cont. Obserued you that gentleman, that parted from me but now.

Int. I saw him now my Lord.

Cont. I was sending for you, I haue talked with this mā, and I doe find him dangerous.

Int Is your Lordship in earnest?

Cont. Harke you sir, there may perhaps be some within eare-shot. *He whispers with him.*

Enter Lazarello *and his Boy.*

Laz. Sirrha will you venture your life, the Duke hath sent the fish head to my lord?

Boy. Sir if he haue not, kil me, do what you will with me.

Laz. How vncertaine is the state of all mortall things? I haue these Crosses from my Cradle, from my very Cradle, in so much that I doe begin to growe desperate: Fortune I do despise thee, do thy worst; yet when I do better gather my selfe together, I do find it is rather the part of a wise man, to preuent the stormes of Fortune by stirring, then to suffer them by standing still, to power themselues vpon his naked body. I will about it.

Cont. Who's within there? *Enter a Seruing-man* Let this Gentleman out at the backe dore, forget not my instructions, if you find any thing dangerous; trouble not your selfe, to find out me, but carrie your informations to the Lord *Lucio*, he is a man graue and well experienced in these businesses.

Int. Your Lordships Seruant. *Exit Intelligencer and*

Laz. Will it please your worship walke? *Seruingman.*

Cont. Sir I was comming, I will ouer-take you.

Laz. I

Lazar. I will attend you ouer against the Lord *Gondarines* house.

Count. You shall not attend there long. (gin head

Laz. Thither must I to see my loues face, the chast vir-
Of a deere Fish, yet pure and vndeflowred,
Not known of man, no bred rough country hand,
Hath once toucht thee, no Pandars withered paw,
Nor an vn-napkind Lawyers greasie fist,
Hath once slubberd thee: no Ladies supple hand,
Washt o're with vrine, hath yet seiz'd on thee
With her two nimble talents: no Court hand,
Whom his owne naturall filth, or change of aire,
Hath bedeckt with scabs, hath mard thy whiter grace:
O let it be thought lawfull then for me,
To crop the flower of thy virginitie. *Exit Lazar.*

Count. This day I am for fooles, I am all theirs,
Though like to our yong wanton cockerd heires,
Who doe affect those men aboue the rest,
In whose base company they still are best:
I doe not with much labour striue to be
The wisest euer in the company:
But for a foole, our wisdom oft amends,
As enemies doe teach vs more then friends. *Exit. Count.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actvs II. Scena I.

Enter Gondarine and his servants.

Seru. My Lord:

Gond. Ha.

Seru. Here's one hath brought you a present.

Gond. From whom, from a woman? if it be from a woman, bid him carrie it backe, and tell her shee's a whore: what is it?

Seru. A Fish head my Lord.

Gond. What Fish head?

Seru. I did not aske that my lord.

Gon. Whence comes it?

Ser. From the Court.

Gond. O 'tis a Cods-head.

Seru. No my Lord, 'tis some strange head, it comes from the Duke.

Gond. Let it be carried to my Mercer, I doe owe him money for silkes, stop his mouth with that. *Exit Seru.* Was ther euer any man that hated his wife after death but I? and for her sake all women, women that were created onely for the preseruation of little dogges. *Enter Seru.*

Ser. My Lord, the Counts sister beeing ouertaken in the streets, with a great haile-storme, is light at your gate, and desires Rome till the storme be ouerpast.

Gond. Is shee a woman?

Seru. I my Lord I thinke so.

Gond. I haue none for her then: bid her get her gone, tel her shee is not welcome.

Seru. My Lord, shee is now comming vp.

Gond. Shee shall not come vp, tell her any thing, tell her I haue but one great roome in my house, and I am now in it at the close stoole.

Seru. Shee's here my Lord.

Gond. O impudence of women, I can keepe dogs out of my house, or I can defend my house against theeues, but I cannot keep out women.

Enter Oriana, *a waiting woman, and a Page.*

Now Madam, what hath your Ladiship to say to me?

Oria. My Lord, I was bold to craue the helpe of your house against the storme.

Gond. Your Ladiships boldnesse in comming, will bee impudence in staying, for you are most vnwelcome.

Oriana. Oh my Lord!

Gond. Doe you laugh, by the hate I beare to you, tis true.

Orian. Y'are merry my Lord.

Gond. Let me laugh to death if I bee, or can bee whilst thou art here, or liuest, or any of thy sexe.

Oriana.

Oriana. I commend your Lordſhip.

Gond. Doe you commend me? why doe you commend me? I giue you no ſuch cauſe: thou art a filthy impudent whore; a woman, a very woman.

Oria. Ha, ha, ha.

Gond. Begot when thy father was drunke.

Orian. Your Lordſhip hath a good wit.

Gond. How? what haue I good wit?

Orian. Come my Lord, I haue heard before of your Lordſhips merry vaine in jeſting againſt our Sexe, which I beeing deſirous to heare, made mee rather chooſe your Lordſhips houſe, then any other, but I know I am welcome.

Gond. Let me not liue if you be: me thinkes it doth not become you, to come to my houſe, being a ſtrãger to you, I haue no woman in my houſe, to entertaine you, nor to ſhew you your chamber; why ſhould you come to me? I haue no Galleries, nor banquetting houſes, nor bawdy pictures to ſhewe your Ladiſhip.

Orian. Beleeue me, this your Lordſhips plainnes makes me thinke my ſelfe more welcom, then if you had ſworne by all the prettie Court oathes that are, I had beene welcomer then your ſoule to your bodie.

Gond. Now ſhee's in talking, treaſon will get her out, I durſt ſooner vndertake to talke an Intelligencer out of the roome, and ſpeake more then he durſt heare, than talke a woman out of my company. *Enter a Seruant.*

Seru. My Lord, the Duke beeing in the ſtreets, and the ſtorme continuing, is entred your gate, and now comming vp.

Gond. The Duke! now I know your arrant Madame; you haue plots and priuate meetings in hand: why do you chooſe my houſe, are you aſham'd to goe too't in the olde coupling place, though it be leſſe ſuſpicious here; for no Chriſtian will ſuſpect a woman to be in my houſe, yet you may doe it cleanlier there, for there is a care had of thoſe buſineſſes; and whereſoeuer you remooue, your great

maintainer and you shal haue your lodgings directly opposite, it is but putting on your night-gowne, and your slippers; madame, you vnderstand me?

Orian. Before I would not vnderstand him, but now he speakes riddles to me indeed.

Enter the Duke, Arrigo, and Lucio.

Duke. T'was a strange haile-storme.

Lucio. T'was exceeding strange.

Gond. Good morrow to your grace.

Duke. Good morrow *Gondarino.*

Gond. Iustice great Prince.

Duke. Why should you begge for justice, I neuer did you wrong; whats the offendor?

Gond. A woman.

Luke. O I know your auncient quarrell against that sexe; but what hainous crime hath shee committed?

Gond. Shee hath gone abroad.

Duke. What? it cannot be.

Gond. Shee hath done it.

Duke. How? I neuer heard of any woman that did so before.

Gond. If shee haue not laid by that modestie
That should attend a virgin, and quite voide
Of shame, hath left the house where shee was borne,
As they should neuer doe; let me endure
The paines that shee should suffer.

Duke. Hath shee so? which is the woman?

Gond. This, this.

Duke. How *Arrigo? Lucio?*

Gond. I then it is a plot, no Prince aliue
Shall force me make my house, a brothel house;
Not for the sinnes, but for the womans sake,
I will not haue her in my doores so long:
Will they make my house as bawdy as their owne are?

Duke. Is it not *Oriana?*

Lucio. It is.

Duke. Sister to Count *Valore?*

Arri. The very same.

Duke.

Duke. Shee that I loue?

Lucio. Shee that you loue.

Duke. I doe suspect.

Lucio. So doe I.

Duke. This fellow to be but a counterfeit,
One that doeth seeme to loath all woman kind,
To hate himselfe, because he hath some part
Of woman in him; seemes not to endure
To see, or to bee seene of any woman,
Onely, because he knowes it is their nature
To wish to taste that which is most forbidden:
And with this show, he may the better compasse
(And with farre lesse suspition) his base endes.

Lucio. Vpon my life 'tis so.

Duke. And I doe know,
Before his slaine wife gaue him that offence,
He was the greatest seruant to that sexe,
That euer was; what doth this Lady here
with him alone? why should he raile at her
to me?

Lucio. Because your grace might not suspect.

Duke. T'was so: I doe loue her straingely;
I would faine know the truth: counsel me. *They* 3. *whisper*

Enter Count, Lazarello, and his boy.

Count. It falls out better then we could expect Sir, that we should finde the Duke and my Lord *Gondarino* together, both which you desire to be acquainted with.

Lazar. T'was very happy: Boy, goe downe into the kitchin, & see if you can spie that same; I am now in some hope: I haue me thinkes a kind of feauer vpon me,

Exit Boy.

A certaine gloominesse within me, doubting as it were, betwixt two passions; there is no young maide, vpon her wedding night, when her husband sets first foot in the bedde, blushes, and lookes pale againe, oftner then I doe now. There is no Poet acquainted with more shakings &

makinges, towardes the latter end of this new play, when hee's in that case, that he standes peeping betwixt the curtaines, so fearefully, that a bottle of Ale cannot be opened, but he thinkes some body hisses, then I am at this instant.

Count. Are they in consultatiō, if they be, either my yong Duke hath gotten some bastard, and is perswading my knight yonder, to father the childe, and marrie the wench, or else some Cock-pit is to be built.

Laza. My Lord? what noble mann's that?

Count. His name is *Lucio*, tis hee that was made a Lord at the request of some of his friendes for his wiues sake, he affects to bee a great States-man, and thinkes it consistes in night cappes, and iewels, and tooth-pikes?

Laza. And whats that other?

Count. A Knight Sir, that pleaseth the Duke to fauour, & to raise to some extraordinarie fortunes, hee can make as good men as himselfe, euerie day in the weeke and doth--

Laza. For what was he raised.

Count. Truely Sir, I am not able to say directlie, for what; but for wearing of red breeches as I take it, hee s a braue man, hee will spend three Knighthoodes at a Supper without trumpets.

Laza My Lord ile talke with him, for I haue a friend, that would gladlie receiue the humour.

Count. If he haue the itch of Knighthood vppon him, let him repaire to that Phisition, hee'le cure him: but I will giue you a note; is your friend fat or leane?

Laza. Something fat.

Count. T'will be the worse for him.

Laza. I hope thats not material.

Cont. Verie much, for there is an imposte set vppon Knighthoodes, and your friend shall pay a Noble in the pound.

Duke. I do not like examinations,
We shall find out the truth more easilie,
Some other way lesse noted, and that course,

Should

Should not be vſde, till we bee ſure to proue
Some thing directlie, for when they perceiue
Themſelues ſuſpected, they will then prouide
More warilie to aunſwere.

Luc. Doth ſhe know your Grace doth loue her.

Duke She hath neuer heard it.

Luc. Then thus my Lord; *They whiſper againe.*

Laza. Whats hee that walkes alone ſo ſadly with his handes behind him?

Count. The Lord of the houſe, he that you deſire to be acquainted with, hee doth hate women for the ſame cauſe that I loue them.

Laza. Whats that?

Cont. For that which Apes want: you perceiue me Sir?

Laza. And is hee ſad, can hee be ſad, that hath ſo rich a gemme vnder his roofe, as that which I do follow? What yong Ladies that?

Count. Which: Haue I mine eye ſight perfect, Tis my ſiſter, did I ſay the Duke had a baſtard? what ſhould ſhe make here with him, and his Councell; ſhee hath no papers in her hand, to petition to them, ſhee hath neuer a husband in priſon, whoſe releaſe ſhe might ſue for: Thats a fine tricke for a wench; to gette her husband clapt vp, that ſhe may more freely, & with leſſe ſuſpition, viſite the priuate ſtudies of men in authority. Now I do diſcouer their conſultatiō, yon fellow is a Pandar without al ſaluation; But let mee not condemne her too raſhly, without waying the matter; ſhees a young Lady, Shee went foorth earelie this morning with a waiting woman, and a Page, or ſo: This is no garden houſe, in my conſcience ſhee went forth with no diſhoneſt entent; for ſhe did not pretend going to any ſermon in the further end of the Cittie: Neither went ſhe to ſee anie odde olde Gentlewoman, that mournes for the death of her husband, or the loſſe of her friend, and muſt haue young Ladies come to comfort her: Thoſe are the damnable Bawdes, Twas no ſet meeting certainelie: for there was no wafer-woman

man with her, these three daies, on my knowledge: Ile talke with her: Good morrow my Lord.

Gond. Y'are welcome Sir: her's her brother come now to doe a kind office for his sister, is it not strange?

Count. I am glad to meet you here Sister.

Oria. I thanke you good Brother: and if you doubt of of the cause of my comming, I can Satisfie you.

Count. No faith, I dare trust thee, I doe suspect thou art honest, for it is so rare a thing to bee honest amongst you, that some one man in an age, may perhaps suspect some two women to be honest, but neuer beleeue it verily.

Luci Let your returne be suddaine.

Arri. Vnsuspected by them.

Duk. It shall, so shal I best perceiue their Loue, if there be any, Farewel.

Count. Let me intreat your grace to stay a little,
To know a Gentleman, to whome your selfe
Is much beholding, he hath made the sport
For your whole Court these 8. yeares, on my knowledge.

Duk. His name?

Count. Lazarello.

Duk. I heard of him this morning, which is he?

Count. Lazarello, pluck vp thy Spirits, thy fortunes are now raising, the Duke cals for thee, and thou shalt be acquainted with him.

Laza. He's going away, and I must of necessitie stay here, vpon busines.

Count. Tis all one, thou shalt know him first.

Laza. Stay a little, if hee should offer to take mee away with him, and by that meanes I should loose that I seeke for; but if he should, I wil not goe with him.

Count. Lazarello the Duke stayes, wilt thou loose this opportunitie?

Laza. How must I speake to him?

Count. T was wel thought of: you must not talke to him, as you do to an ordinary man, honest plaine sence; but you must winde about him: for example, if hee should aske

you

you what a clocke it is, you must not say; if it please your grace, tis nine, but thus; thrice three a clocke, so please my Soueraigne, or thus; looke how many muses there doth
Vpon the sweet banckes of the learned Well; (dwell,
And just so many stroakes the clocke hath strooke,
And so forth, and you must now & then enter into a description.

Laza. I hope I shall doe it.

Count. Come: May it please your grace to take note of a gentleman, well seene, deepely read, & throughly grou̅ded in the hidden knowledge of all sallets and pothearbs whatsoeuer.

Duk. I shall desire to know him more inwardly.

Laza. I kisse the Oxe-hide of your Graces foot.

Count. Very well: will your grace question him a little?

Duk. How old are you?

Laza. Full eight and twenty seuerall Almanackes
Hath been compyled, all for seuerall yeares,
Since first I drew this breath, foure prentiships
Haue I most truly serued in this world:
And eight and twenty times hath Phœbus carre
Runne out his yearely course since.

Duk. I vnderstand you Sir.

Luci. How like an ignorant Poet he talkes.

Duk. You are eight and twenty yeare old? what time of the day doe you hold it to be?

Laza. About the time that mortals whet their kniues
On thresholds, on their shoe soles, and on stayres:
Now bread is grating, and the testy cooke
Hath much to doe now, now the Tables all.

Duk. 'Tis almost dinner time?

Laza. Your grace doth apprehend me very rightly.

Count. Your grace shal find him in your further cō ferēce
Graue, wise, courtly, & scholler like, vnderstādingly read
In the necessities of the life of man.
He knowes that man is mortall by his birth;
He knowes that men must dye, and therefore liue;

He knowes that man muſt liue, and therefore eate,
And if it ſhall pleaſe your grace, to accompany your ſelfe with him, I doubt not, but that hee will at the leaſt, make good my commendations.

Duk. Attend vs *Lazarello*, we doe want
Men of ſuch Action, as we haue receiued you
Reported from your honorable friend.

Laza. Good my Lord ſtand betwixt mee and my ouerthrow, you know I am ti'd here, and may not depart, my gracious Lord, ſo waightie are the buſines of mine owne, which at this time doe call vpon mee, that I will rather chuſe to die, then to neglect them.

Count. Nay you ſhal wel perceiue, beſides the vertues that I haue alreadie inform'd you off, he hath a ſtomack, which will ſtoope to no Prince aliue.

Duk. Sir at your beſt leiſure, I ſhall thirſt to ſee you.

Laza. And I ſhall hunger for it.

Duk. Till then farewell all.

Gon. Count. Long life attend your Grace.

Duk. I doe not taſt this ſport, *Arrigo, Lucio.*

Ar. Luci. We doe attend. *Exeunt Duke, Arrigo, Lucio.*

Gond. His grace is gone, and hath left his *Hellen* with me, I am no Pander for him, neither can I bee wonne with the hope of gaine, or the itching deſire of taſting my Lordes lecherie to him, to keepe her at (my houſe) or bring her in diſguiſe, to his bed Chamber.

The twynes of Adders, and of Scorpions
About my naked breſt, will ſeeme to mee
More tickling then thoſe claſpes, which men adore;
The luſtfull, dull, ill ſpirited embraces
Of women; the much prayſed *Amazones*,
Knowing their owne infirmities ſo well,
Made of themſelues a people, and what men
They take amongſt them, they condemne to die,
Perceiuing that their follie made them fit
To liue no longer, that would willingly
Come in the worthleſſe preſence of a woman.

I will

I will attend, and see what my young Lord will doe with his sister.

Enter Lazarelloes Boy.

Boy. My Lord; the fish head is gone againe.

Count. Whither.

Boy. I know whither my Lord.

Count. Keepe it from *Lazarello*: Sister shall I conferre with you in priuate, to know the cause of the Dukes comming hither, I know he makes you acquainted with his busines of State.

Oria. Ile satisfie you brother, for I see you are ielous of mee.

Gond. Now there shall bee some course taken for her conueiance.

Laza. *Lazarello*, thou art happie, thy carriage hath begot loue, and that loue hath brought forth fruites, thou art here in the company of a man honourable, that will helpe thee to tast of the bounties of the Sea, & when thou hast so done, thou shalt retire thy selfe vnto the Court, & there tast of the delicates of the earth, and be great in the eyes of thy Soueraigne: now no more shalt thou need to scramble for thy meate, nor remoue thy stomack with the Court; but thy credit shall commaund thy hearts desire, and all nouilties shall be sent as presents vnto thee.

Count. Good Sister, when you see your own time, will you returne home.

Oria. Yes brother, and not before.

Laza. I will grow populer in this State, & ouerthrow the fortunes of a number, that liue by extortion.

Count. *Lazarello*, bestirre thy selfe nimbly and sodainly, and here me with patience.

to heare.

Laza. Let me not fall from my selfe; speake I am bound

Count. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare the fish head is gone, and we know not whither.

Laz. I wil not curse, nor sweare, nor rage, nor raile,
Nor with contempteous tongue, accuse my Fate;

Though I might justly do it, nor will I
Wish my selfe vncreated for this euill:
Shall I entreat your Lordship to be seene
A little longer in the company
Of a man crost'd by Fortune.

Count. I hate to leaue my friend in his extremities.

Laza. 'Tis noble in you, then I take your hand,
And do protest, I do not follow this
For any mallice, or for priuat ends,
But with a loue, as gentle and as chast,
As that a brother to his sister beares:
And if I see this fish head yet vnknowne,
The last words that my dying father spake,
Before his eye-strings brake, shall not of me
So often be remembred, as our meeting,
Fortune attend me, as my ends are just,
Full of pure loue, and free from seruile lust.

Count. Farwell my Lord, I was entreated to inuite your Lordship to a Ladies vpsitting.

Gond. O my eares, why Madame, will not you follow your brother, you are waited for by great mē, heele bring you to him.

Oria. I'me very wel my Lord, you do mistake me, if you thinke I affect greater company then your selfe.

Gond. What madnesse possesseth thee, that thou canst imagine me a fit man to entertaine Ladies; I tell thee, I do vse to teare their haire, to kick them, and to twindge their noses, if they be not carefull in auoiding me.

Oria. Your Lordship may descant vpon your owne behauior as please you, but I protest, so sweet and courtly it appeares in my eye, that I meane not to leaue you yet.

Gond. I shall grow rough.

Oria. A rough carriage is best in a man, Ile dine with you my Lord.

Gond. Why I will starue thee, thou shalt haue nothing.

Oria. I haue heard of your Lordships nothing, Ile put that to the venture.

Gond. Well,

Gond. Well, thou shalt haue meat, Ile send it to thee.

Oria. Ile keepe no state my Lord, neither doe I mourne, Ile dine with you.

Gond. Is such a thing as this allowed to liue:
What power hath let thee loose vpon the earth
To plague vs for our sinnes? out of my dores.

Oria. I would your Lordship did but see how well
This furie doth become you, it doth shew
So neere the life, as it were naturall.

Gond. O thou damn'd woman, I will flie the vengeance
That hangs aboue thee, follow if thou dar'st.

Exit Gondarino.

Oria. I must not leaue this fellow, I will torment him to
To teach his passions against kind to moue, (madnes,
The more he hates, the more Ile seeme to loue.

Exeunt Oriana and Maid.

Enter Pandar and Mercer a citizen.

Pand. Sir, what may be done by art shal be done,
I weare not this blacke cloake for nothing.

Mer. Performe this, helpe me to this great heire by learning, and you shall want no blacke cloakes, taffaties, silke-grogerams, sattins & veluets are mine, they shalbe yours; performe what you haue promised, & you shall make me a louer of Sciences, I will studie the learned languages, & keepe my shop-booke in Latine.

Pand. Trouble me not now, I will not fayle you within this houre at your shop.

Mer. Let Art haue her course. *Exit Mercer.*

Enter Curtezan.

Pand. 'Tis well spoken, *Madma.*

Mad. Hast thou brought me any customers.

Pan. No.

Ma. What the deuill do'st thou in blacke.

Pa. As all solemne professors of setled courses, doe couer my knauery with it: will you marry a citizen, reasonably rich, and vnreasonably foolish, silkes in his shoppe, money in his purse, and no wit in his head?

Ma. Out vpon him, I could haue bin otherwise then so, there was a Knight swore hee would haue had mee, if I would haue lent him but forty shillings to haue redeem'd his cloake, to go to Church in.

Pan. Then your wastcoate wayter shall haue him, cal her in?

Ma. Francesina?

Fr. Anone?

Ma. Get you to the Church, and shriue your selfe,
For you shalbe richly married anone.

Pan. And get you after her, I will worke vpon my citizen whilst he is warme, I must not suffer him to consult with his neighbours, the openest fooles are hardly cousened, if they once grow jealous. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus secun.

Actvs III. Scena I.

Enter Gondarino flying the Lady.

Gond. Saue me ye better powers, let me not fall
Betweene the loose embracements of a woman:
Heauen, if my sinnes be ripe growne to a head,
And must attend your vengeance: I beg not to diuert my (fate,
Or to repriue a while thy punishment
Onely I craue, and heare me equall heauens,
Let not your furious rodd, that must afflict me,
Be that imperfect peece of nature,
That arte makes vp, woman, vnsatiate woman,
Had we not knowing soules, at first infus'd
To teach a difference, twixt extreames and goods?
Were we not made our selues, free, vnconfin'd
Commaunders of our owne affections:
And can it be, that this most perfect creature,
This image of his maker, well squar'd man,
Should leaue the handfast, that he had of grace,
To fall into a womans easie armes.

Enter Oriana.

Oriana.

Orian. Now *Venus* be my speed, inspire me with all the seuerall subtill temptations, that thou hast already giuen, or hast in store hereafter to bestowe vpon our sexe: grant that I may apply that Phisicke that is most apt to worke vpon him: whether he will sooneſt bee moou'd with wantonneſſe, singing, dauncing, or beeing passionate, with scorne, or with sad and serious lookes, cunningly mingled with sighes, with smiling, lisping, kissing the hand, and making short curſies; or with whatsoeuer other nimble power, he may bee caught: doe thou infuse into mee, and when I haue him, I will sacrifice him vp to thee.

Gond. It comes againe; new apparitions,
And tempting spirits: Stand and reueale thy selfe,
Tell why thou followeſt me? I feare thee
As I feare the place thou camſt from: Hell.

Orian. My Lord, I am a woman, and such a one---

Gond. That I hate truely, thou hadſt better bin a deuill.

Orian. Why my vnpatient Lord? (women.

Gond. Deuils were once good, there they excel'd you

Orian. Can ye be so vneasie, can ye freeze, and
Such a summers heat so ready
To dissolue, nay gentle Lord, turne not away in scorne,
Nor hold me leſſe faire then I am: looke on theſe cheeks,
They haue yet enough of nature, true complexion,
If to be red and white, a forehead hie,
An easie melting lip, a speaking eie,
And such a tongue, whoſe language takes the eare
Of ſtrict religion, and men moſt auſtere:
If theſe may hope to pleaſe, looke here.

Gond. This woman with entreaty wo'd show all,
Lady there lies your way, I pray ye farewell.

Orian. Y'are yet to harſh, to diſſonant.
Ther's no true muſicke in your words, my Lord.

Gond. What shall I giue thee to be gone?
Heares ta, and tha wants lodging, take my houſe, tis big enough, tis thine owne, t'will hold fiue lecherous Lords, & their lackies without diſcouery: ther's ſtoues and bathing tubbes.

Oriana.

Oria. Deare Lord : y'are too wild.

Gond. Shat haue a Doctor too, thou ſhat, 'bout ſixe and twentie, tis a pleaſing age; or I can helpe thee to a handſome vſher: or if thou lack'ſt a page, ile giue thee one, preethe keepe houſe, and leaue mee.

Oria. I doe confeſſe I am to eaſie, too much woman,
Not coy enough to take affection,
Yet I can frowne and nip a paſsion
Euen in the bud : I can ſay
Men pleaſe their preſent heates; Then pleaſe to leaue vs.
I can hold off, and by my Chimmick power
Draw Sonnets, from the melting louers braine,
Aymees, and *Elegies* : yet to you my Lord
My Loue, my better ſelfe, I put theſe off,
Doing that office, not befits our ſex,
Entreat a man to loue;
Are ye not yet relenting, ha'ye bloud and Spirit
In thoſe veines, ye are no Image, though yee bee as hard.
As marble, ſure ye haue no lyuer, if ye had,
'Twould ſend a liuely and deſiring heate
To euery member; is not this miſerable,
A thing ſo truely formd, ſhapt out by Symetry,
Has all the organs that belong to man,
And working to, yet to ſhew all theſe
Like dead motions mouing, vpon wyers,
Then good my Lord, leaue off what you haue beene,
And freely be what you were firſt entended for : a man.

Gond. Thou art a precious peece of flie damnation,
I will be deaffe, I will locke vp my eares,
Tempt me not, I will not loue; if I doe,

Oria. Then ile hate you. (Sunne,

Gond. Let me be nointed with hony, and turn'd into the
To be ſtung to death with horſe-flies,
Hearſt thou, thou breeder, here ile ſit,
And in deſpight of thee I will ſay nothing.

Oria. Let me with your faire patience, ſit beſide you?

Gond. Maddam, Ladie, tempter, tongue, woman, ayre,

Looke

Looke to me, I ſhall kicke; I ſay againe,
Looke to me I ſhal kicke.

Oria. I cannot thinke your better knowledge can vſe a woman ſo vnciuilly.

Gond. I cannot thinke, I ſhall become a coxcombe,
To ha'my hare curl'd, by an idle finger,
My cheekes turne Tabers, and be plaid vpon,
Mine eyes lookt babies in, & my noſe blowd to my hand,
I ſay againe I ſhall kicke, ſure I ſhall. (mind

Oria. Tis but your outſide that you ſhew: I know your
Neuer was guiltie of ſo great a weaknes,
Or could the tongues of all men ioynd togeather
Poſſeſſe me with a thought of your diſlike
My weaknes were aboue a womans, to fall off
From my affection, for one cracke of thunder,
O wo'd you could loue my Lord.

Gond. I wod thou wouldſt ſit ſtill, and ſay nothing: what mad-man let thee looſe to do more miſchief then a douſen whirlwinds, keepe thy hands in thy muffe, and warme the idle wormes in thy fingers ends will yee bee doing ſtill, will no intreating ſeiue yee, no lawfull warning, I muſt remoue and leaue your Ladiſhip; nay neuer hope to ſtay me, for I will runne, from that Smooth, Smiling, witching, Couſening, Tempting, Damning face of thine, as farre as I can find any land, where I will put my ſelfe into a daily courſe of Curſes for thee, and all thy Familie.

Oriana. Nay good my Lord ſit ſtill, ile promiſe peace:
And fould mine Armes vp, let but mine eye diſcourſe,
Or let my voyce ſet to ſome pleaſing corde, ſound out
The ſullen ſtraines of my neglected loue.

Gond. Sing till thou cracke thy treble ſtring in peeces,
And when thou haſt done, put vp thy pipes and walke,
Doe any thing, ſit ſtill and tempt me not.

Oria. I had rather ſing at dores for bread, then ſing to this fellow, but for hate: if this ſhould be told in the Court, that I begin to woe Lords, what a troop of the vntruſt nobilitie ſhould I haue at my lodging to morrow morning.

Come sleepe, and with thy sweet deceiuing,
Lock me in delight a while,
Let some pleasing Dreames beguile
All my fancies that from thence, Song.
I may feele an influence,
All my powers of care bereauing.

Though but a shaddow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little loy,
We that suffer long anoy
Are contented with a thought
Through an idle fancie wrought
O let my ioyes, haue some abiding.

Gond. Haue you done your wassayle, tis a handsome drowsie dittie ile allure yee, now I had as leeue here a Catte cry, when her taile is cut off, as heare these lamentations, these lowsie loue-layes, these bewaylements, you thinke you haue caught me Ladie, you thinke I melt now, like a dish of May butter, and runne, all into brine, and passion, yes, yes, I am taken, looke how I crosse my armes, looke pale, and dwyndle, and woo'd cry, but for spoyling my face, we must part, nay we'l auoyd all Ceremony, no kissing Ladie, I desire to know your Ladiship no more; death of my soule the Duke.

Oria. God keepe your Lordship.

Gond. From thee and all thy sex.

Oria. Ile be the Clarke and crie *Amen*,
Your Lordships euer assured enemie *Oriana*.

Exit Oriana, Manet Gondarino.

Actvs III Scena II.

Enter Duke, Arrigo, Lucio.

Gond. All the dayes good, attend your Lordship.

Duke We thanke you *Gonderino*, is it possible,
Can beleefe lay hold on such a miracle,
To see thee, one that hath cloystred vp all passion,
Turn'd wilfull votary, and forsworne, conuerse with wo-

men.

men in company and faire discourse, with the best beauty of *Myllaine*?

Gon. Tis true, and if your Grace that hath the sway
Of the whole State, wil suffer this lewd sex,
These women, to pursew vs to our homes,
Not to be praid, nor to be rail'd away,
But they will woe, and daunce, and sing,
And in a manner, looser then they are
By nature (which should seeme impossible)
To throw their armes, on our vnwilling neckes.

Duk. No more, I can see through your vissore, dissemble (it no more,
Doe not I know thou hast vs'd all Arte,
To worke vpon the poore simplicitie
Of this yong Maide, that yet hath knowne none ill?
Think'st that damnation will fright those that wooe
From othes, and lies? but yet I thinke her chast,
And will from thee, before thou shalt apply
Stronger temptations, beare her hence with mee.

Gond. My Lord, I speake not this to gaine new grace,
But howsoeuer you esteeme my wordes,
My loue and dutie will not suffer mee
To see you fauour such a prostitute,
And I stand by dumb; without Racke, Torture,
Or Strappado, Ile vnrippe my selfe,
I doe confesse I was in company, with that pleasing peece of frailtie, that we call woman; I doe confesse after a long and tedious seige, I yeelded.

Duk. Forward.

Gond. Faith my Lord to come quickly to the point, the woman you saw with me is a whore; an arrant whore.

Duk. Was shee not Count *Valores* Sister?

Gond. Yes, that Count *Valores* Sister is naught.

Duk. Thou darst not say so.

Gond. Not, if it be distasting to your Lordship, but giue mee freedome, & I dare maintaine, she ha's imbrac'd this body, and growne to it as close, as the hot youthfull vine to the elme.

Duk. Twice haue I seen her with thee, twice my thoghts were prompted by mine eye, to hold thy strictnesse false and imposterous: is this your mewing vp, your strict retirement, your bitternesse and gaule against that sex: haue I not heard thee say, thou wouldst sooner meet the *Basilisks* dead doing eye, then meet a woman for an object: looke it be true you tell mee, or by our countries Saint your head goes off: if thou proue a whore, no womans face shal euer moue me more. *Exeunt.*

Manent Gondarino.

Gond. So, so, 'tis as it should be, are women growne so mankind? Must they be wooing, I haue a plot shal blow her vp, shee flyes, shee mounts, Ile teach her Ladyship to dare my furie, I will be knowne and fear'd, and more truly hated of women then an Eunuch. *Enter Oriana.* Shees here againe, good gaule be patient, for I must dissemble.

Oria. Now my cold frostie Lord, my woman Hater, you that haue sworne an euerlasting hate to all our sex: by my troth good Lord, and as I am yet a maid, my thoght 'twas excellent sport to heare your honour sweare out an Alphabet, chafe nobly like a Generall, kicke like a resty jade and make ill faces: Did your good Honor thinke I was in loue? where did I first begin to take that heat? from those two radiant eyes, that piercing sight? oh they were louely, if the balls stood right; and there's a legge made out of a dainty staffe, Where the Gods be thanked, there is calfe ynough.

Gond. Pardon him Ladie, that is now a conuertite,
Your beautie like a Saint hath wrought this wonder.

Oriana. Alasse, ha's it beene prick't at the heart, is the stomacke come downe, will it rayle no more at women, and call 'em Diuels, shee Cattes, and Gobblins.

Gond. Hee that shall marry thee, had better spend the poore remainder of his dayes in a Dung-barge, for two pence a weeke, and find himselfe:

Downe

Downe againe Spleene, I preethee downe againe, shall I find fauour Ladie? shall at length my true vnfained penetence get pardon for my harsh vnseasoned follies? I am no more an Athiest, no, I doe acknowledge, that dread powrefull Deitie, and his allquickning heats, burne in my brest: oh be not as I was, hard, vnrelenting; but as I am, be partner of my Fires.

Oria. Sure we shall haue store of Larkes, the Skies will not hold vp long, I should haue looked as soone for frost in the dogge dayes, or an other Inundation, as hop'd this strange conuersion aboue myracle: let mee looke vpon your Lordship; is your name *Gondavino*, are you *Millaines* Generall, that great Bug-beare bloodie-bones, at whose very name all women, from the Ladie to the Landresse, shake like a cold fit.

Gond. Good patience helpe me, this Feuer will inrage my bloud againe: Maddam I am that man; I am euen hee, that once did owe vnreconciled hate to you, and all that beare the name of woman: I am the man, that wrong'd your honour to the Duke, I am hee that said you were vnchast, and prostetute; yet I am he, that dare deny all this.

Oria. Your big Nobilitie is very merrie.

Gond. Lady tis true that I haue wrongd you thus,
And my Contrition is as true as that,
Yet haue I found a meanes to make all good againe,
I doe beseech your beautie, not for my selfe,
My merrits are yet in conception,
But for your honors safetie, and my zeale
Retyre a while, whilst I vnsay my selfe vnto the Duke,
And cast out that euill Spirit, I haue possest him with,
I haue a house conueniently priuate.

Ori. Lord, thou hast wrong'd my innocence, but thy confession hath gain'd thee faith.

Gond. By the true honest seruice, that I owe those eyes,
My meaning is as spotles as my faith. strangely,

Oria. The Duke doubt mine honour? a may iudge T.will not be long, before ile be enlarg'd againe.

Gond. A day or two.

Orian. Mine own seruants shall attend me.

Gond. Your Ladiships commaund is good.

Orian. Looke you be true. *Exit Oriana*

Gond. Else let me lose the hopes my soule aspires to: I will be a scourge to all females in my life, and after my death, the name of *Gondarino* shall be terrible to the mighty women of the earth; they shall shake at my name, and at the sound of it, their knees shall knocke together; and they shall runne into Nunneries, for they and I are beyond all hope irreconcilable: for if I could endure an eare with a hole in't, or a pleated locke, or a bare-headed Coachman, that sits like a signe, where great Ladies are to bee sold within; agreement betwixt vs, were not to bee despaired of; if I could bee but brought to endure to see women, I would haue them come all once a weeke and kisse mee, where Witches doe the diuell in token of homage: I must not liue here, I wil to the Court, and there pursue my plot; when it hath tooke, women shall stand in awe, but of my looke. *Exit.*

Actvs III. Scen. III.

Enter two Intelligencers, discouering treason in the Courtiers words.

1. *Intel.* There take your standing, be close and vigilāt, here will I set my selfe, and let him looke to his language, a shal know the Duke ha's more eares in Court than two.

2. *Int.* Ile quote him to a tittle, let him speake wisely, and plainely, and as hidden as a can, or I shall crush him, a shall not scape charracters, though a speake Babel, I shall crush him: we haue a Fortune by this seruice hanging ouer vs, that within this yeare or two, I hope we shall be called to be examiners, weare politicke gownes garded with copper lace, making great faces full of feare and office, our labours may deserue this.

1. *Int.* I hope it shall: why ha's not many men bin raised from this worming trade, first to gaine good accesse to great men, then to haue commissions out for search, and lastly,

laſtly, to be worthily nam'd at a great Arraignment: yes, & why not we? they that indeauour well deſerue their Fee. Cloſe, cloſe, a comes: marke well, and all goes well.

Enter Count, Lazarello, and his Boy.

Laz. Farewell my hopes, my Anchor now is broken,
Farewell my *quondam* ioyes, of which no token
Is now remaining, ſuch is the ſad miſchance,
Where Lady Fortune leades the ſlippry daunce.
Yet at the length, let me this fauour haue,
Giue me my wiſhes, or a wiſhed graue.

Count. The gods defend ſo braue and valiant mawe,
Should ſlip into the neuer ſatiate jawe
Of blacke Deſpaire; no, thou ſhalt liue and know
Thy full deſires, hunger thy auntient foe,
Shall be ſubdued, thoſe guts that daily tumble
Through ayre and appetite, ſhall ceaſe to rumble:
And thou ſhalt now at length obtaine thy diſh,
That noble part, the ſweet head of a fiſh.

Laz. Then am I greater then the Duke.

2. *Int.* There, there's a notable peece of treaſon, greater then the Duke, marke that.

Count. But how, or where, or when this ſhall bee compas'd, is yet out of my reach.

Laz. I am ſo truly miſerable, that might I be now knockt ath' head, with all my heart I would forgiue a dog-killer.

Count. Yet doe I ſee through this confuſednes ſome little comfort.

La. The plot my Lord, as er'e you cam of a womā diſcouer.

1. *Int.* Plots, dangerous plots, I will deſerue by this moſt liberally.

Count. 'Tis from my head againe.

Laz. O that it would ſtand mee, that I might fight, or haue ſome venture for it, that I might be turn'd looſe, to try my Fortune amongſt the whole trie in a Colledge, or an Inne of Court, or ſcrable with the priſoners in the dungeon; nay were it ſet downe in the owter court,
And all the Guard about it in a ring,

With

With their knives drawne, which were a dismall sight,
And after twentie leisurely were told,
I to be let loose, onely in my shirt,
To trie the valour, how much of the spoile,
I would recouer from the enemies mouthes:
I would accept the challenge.

Count. Let it goe: hast not thou beene held
To haue some wit in the Court, and to make fine jests
Vpon country people in progresse time, and
Wilt thou loose this opinion, for the cold head of a Fish?
I say, let it goe: Ile helpe thee to as good a dish of meat.

Lazar. God let me not liue, if I doe not wonder
Men should talke so prophanely:
But it is not in the power of loose wordes,
Of any vaine or misbeleeuing man,
To make me dare to wrong thy puritie.
Shew me but any Lady in the Court,
That hath so full an eie, so sweet a breath,
So softe and white a flesh: this doth not lie
In almond gloues, nor euer hath bin washt
In artificiall bathes; no traueller
That hath brought doctor home with him, hath dar'd
With all his waters, powders, Fucusses,
To make thy louely corpes sophisticate.

Count. I haue it, tis now infus'd, be comforted.

Laz. Can there be that little hope yet left in nature? shal I once more erect vp Trophies? shall I enioy the sight of my deere Saint, and blesse my pallate with the best of creatures, ah good my Lord, by whom I breath again, shal I receiue this beeing?

Count. Sir, I haue found by certain calculation, and setled reuolution of the starres, the Fish is sent by the Lord *Gondarino* to his Mercer, now tis a growing hope to know where tis.

Laz. O tis farre aboue the good of women, the *Pathicke* cannot yield more pleasing tittylation.

Count. But how to compasse it, search, cast about, and

bang

bang your braines, *Lazarello*, thou art to dull and heauy to deserue a blessing.

Laz. My Lord, I will not be idle; now *Lazarello*, thinke, thinke, thinke.

Count. Yonders my Informer
And his fellow with table bookes, they nod at me
Vpon my life, they haue poore *Lazarello* that beats
His braines about no such waighty matter, in for
Treason before this--- (my selfe,

Laz. My Lord, what doe you thinke, if I should shaue
Put on midwiues apparell, come in with a hand-kercher,
And beg a peece for a great bellied womā, or a sick child?

Count. Good, very good.

Laz. Or corrupt the waiting prentise to betray the reuersion.

1. *Int.* Ther's another point in's plot, corrupt with money to betray: sure 'tis some Fort a meanes: marke, haue a care.

Laz. And 'twere the bare vineger 'tis eaten with, it would in some sort satisfie nature: but might I once attaine the dish it selfe, though I cut out my meanes through swords and fire, through poison, through any thing that may make good my hopes.

2. *Int.* Thankes to the gods, and our officiousnes, the plots discouerd, fire, steele, and poison, burne the Palace, kill the Duke, and poison his priuie Counsell.

Co. To the mercers, let me see: how if before we can attain the means, to make vp our acquaintāce, the fish be eaten?

Laz. If it be eaten, here a stāds, that is the most deiected, most vnfortunate, miserable, accursed, forsaken slaue, this Prouince yeeldes: I will not sure outliue it, no I will die brauely, and like a Roman; and after death, amidst the Elizian shades, Ile meete my loue againe.

1. *In.* I will die brauely, like a Roman: haue a care, mark that: when he hath done all, he will kill himselfe.

Count. Will nothing ease your appetite but this?

Laz. No could the sea throw vp his vastnesse,

And offer free his best inhabitants: 'twere not so much as a bare temptation to me.

Count. If you could be drawne to affect Beef, Venison, or Fowle, twould be farre the better.

Laza. I doe beseech your Lord ships patience,
I doe confesse that in this heat of bloud,
I haue contemn'd all dull and grosser meats,
But I protest, I doe honor a Chine of beefe,
I doe reuerence a loyne of veale,
But good my Lord, giue me leaue a little to adore this:
But my good Lord, would your Lordship vnder colour of taking vp some silkes, goe to the Mercers, I would in all humilitie attend your honor, where we may be inuited, if Fortune stand propitious.

Count. Sir you shall worke me as you please.

Laza. Let it be suddenly, I doe beseech your Lordship, 'tis now vpon the point of dinner time.

Count. I am all yours. *Exeunt Lazarello and Count.*

1. *In.* Come let vs conferre,
Inprimis a saith like a blasphemous villaine, he is greater thē the Duke, this pepers him, & there were nothing else.

2. *In.* Then a was naming plots; did yee not heare?

1. *In.* Yes but a fell from that, vnto discouery, to corrupt by money, and so attaine.

2. *In.* I, I, a meant some Fort, or Syttadell the Duke hath, his very face betraid his meaning, O hee is a very subtill and a dangerous knaue, but if a deale a Gods name we shall worme him.

1. *In.* But now comes the Stroake, the fatall blow, Fire, sword, & Poyson, O Canibal, thou bloody Canibal.

2. *In.* What had become of this poore state, had not we beene?

1. *In.* Faith it had lyen buried in his owne ashes; had not a greater hand beene in't.

2. *In.* But note the Rascals resolution, after th'acts done, because a wo'd auoid al feare of torture, and cousen the Law, a wo'd kill himselfe? was there euer the like danger, brougt to light in this age? sure we shall merite much, we shalbe able to keep two men a peece, & a two hand sword

between

between vs, we will liue in fauour of the State, betray our ten or twelue treasons a weeke, and the people shall feare vs: come, to the Lord *Lucio*, the Sunne shall not goe down till a be hanged. *Exeunt.*

Actvs 3. Scena. 4.

Enter Mercer.

Mer. Looke to my shop, & if there come euer a Scholler in blacke, let him speak with me, we that are shop-keepers in good trade, are so pestered, that we can scarse pick out an houre for our mornings meditation: & howsoeuer we are all accounted dull, and common iesting stocks, for your gallants; there are some of vs, doe not diserue it: for for my own part, I doe begin to bee giuen to my booke, I loue a scholler with my heart; for questionles there are meruelous things to bee done by Arte: why sir, some of thē wil tel you what is become of horses, & siluer spones, & wil make wenches dance naked to their beds: I am yet vnmarried, and because some of our neighbours are said to be Cuckoldes, I will neuer marrie without the consent of some of these schollers, that know what will cōe of it.

Pan. Are you busie sir? *Enter Pandar.*

Mer. Neuer to you sir, nor to any of your coate. Sir is there any thing to bee done by Art, concerning the great heire we talked on?

Pan. Will shee, will shee: shee shall come running into my house at the farther corner, in Sa. Markes street, betwixt three and foure. (is shee not?

Mer. Betwixt three and foure? shee's braue in clothes;

Pan. O rich! rich! where should I get clothes to dresse her in? help me inuention: Sir, that her running through the streete, may be lesse noted, my Arte more shown, and your feare to speake with her lesse, shee shall come in a white waistcote, And---

Mer. What shall shee?

Pan. And perhaps torne stockings, she hath left her old wount else. *Enter Prentise.*

Pren. Sir my Lord *Gonde.* hath sent you a rare fish head.

Mer. It comes right, all things sute right with me, since I

began to loue ſchollers, you ſhall haue it home with you, againſt ſhe come: carrie it to this Gentlemans houſe.

Pan. The faire white houſe at the farther Corner at S. Marks ſtreet, make haſt, I muſt leaue you too Sir. I haue two howers to ſtuddie; buy a new Axidens, & plye your booke, and you ſhall want nothing, that all the ſchollers in the Towne can doe for you. *Exit Pandar.*

Mer. Heauen proſper both our ſtuddies, what a dull ſlaue was I, before I fell in loue with this learning? not worthy to tread vpon the earth, and what freſh hopes it hath put into me? I doe hope within this twelue moneth, to be able by Arte, to ſerue the Court with ſilkes, and not vndoe my ſelfe; to truſt knights, and yet get in my money againe; to keepe my wife braue, and yet ſhe keepe no bodie elſe, ſo. *Enter Count, and Lazarello.*

Your Lordſhip is moſt honorably welcome, in regard of your Nobilitie, but moſt eſpecially in regard of your ſchollerſhip: did your Lordſhip come openly?

Count. Sir this cloake keepes mee priuate, beſides no man will ſuſpect me to bee in the companie of this Gentleman, with whome, I will deſire you to bee acquainted, he may proue a good cuſtomer to you.

Laza. For plaine ſilkes and veluets.

Mer. Are you ſcholaſticall?

Laza. Something adicted to the Muſes.

Count. I hope they will not diſpute.

Mer. You haue no skil in the black Arte? *Enter a Pren.*

Pren. Sir yonders a Gentleman, enquires haſtily for Count *Valore.*

Count. For me? what is he?

Pren. One of your followers my Lord I thinke.

Count. Let him come in.

Mer. Shall I talke with you in priuat Sir?

Enter a Meſſenger with a Letter to the Count, he reads.

Count. Count *Come to the Court, your buſines cals you thither,* I will goe, farewel Sir, ile ſee your ſilkes ſome other time: Farewell *Lazarillo.*

Mer.

Mer. Will not your Lordshippe take a peece of Beefe with mee?

Count. Sir I haue greater businesse then eating; I will leaue this gentlemā with you. *Exeunt Count. & mes.*

Laza. No,no,no,no: now doe I feele that straind struggling within me, that I thinke I could propheſie.

Mer. The Gentleman is meditating.

Laza. Hunger, valour, Loue, ambition, are alike pleasing, and let our Philosophers say what they will, are one kind of heat, onely hunger is the safest, ambition is apt to fall; Loue and valour are not free from dangers, onely hunger, begotten of some olde limber Courtier, in pan'd hose, and nurs'd by an Attornies wife, now so thryuen, that he need not feare to be of the great Turkes guarde: is so free from al quarrells, and dangers, so ful of hopes, ioyes, and ticklings, that my life is not so deere to mee, as his acquaintance. *Enter Lazarelloes Boy.*

Boy. Sir, the fish head is gone.

Laza. Then be thou henceforth dumbe, with thy ill bo- (ding voyce
Farewell *Millaine*, fare well noble Duke,
Farewell my fellow Courtiers all, with whome,
I haue of yore made many a scrambling meale
In corners, behind Arasses, on staires,
And in the action often times haue spoild,
Our Dublets and our hose, with liquid stuffe:
Farewell you lustie archers of the Guard,
To whome I now doe giue the bucklers vp,
And neuer more with any of your coate
Will eate for wagers, now you happie be,
When this shall light vpon you, thinke on me:
You Sewers, caruers, vshers of the Court
Surnamed gentle, for your faire demeane,
Here I doe take of you my last ferewell,
May you stand stifly in your proper places,
And execute your offices aright.
Farewell you maidens, with your mother eke,
Ferewell you courtly Chaplaines that be there,
All good attend you, may you neuer more

Marry your Patrons Ladies wayting-woman,
But may you rays'd bee; by this my fall
May *Lazarillo* suffer for you all.

Merc. Sir, I was harkening to you.

Laz. I will heare nothing; I will breake my knife, the ensigne of my former happie state, knocke out my teeth, haue them hung at a Barbers, and enter into Religion.

Boy. Why Sir, I think, I know whether it is gon.

Laz. See the rashnesse of man in his nature; whither? wither? I doe vnsay all that I haue said, goe on, goe on: Boy, I humble my selfe and follow thee; Farewell sir.

Mer. Not so Sir, you shal take a peece of Beefe with me.

Laz. I cannot stay.

Mer. By my fay, but you shall Sir; in regard of your loue to learning, and your skill in the blacke Arte.

Laz. I do hate learning, and I haue no skill in the blacke Arte; I would I had.

Mer. Why your desire is sufficient to me, you shall stay.

Laz. The most horrible, and detested curses that can be imagined; light vppon all the professors of that Arte; may they be drunke, & when they goe to cõjure, & reele in the Circle, may the Spirits by them rais'd, teare am in peeces, and hang their quarters on old broken walles, and Steeple tops.

Mer This speech of yours, shewes you to haue some skill in the Science, wherefore in ciuilitie, I may not suffer you to depart emptie.

Laz. My stomacke is vp, I cannot indure it, I will fight in this quarrell, as soone as for my Prince.
Roome, make way: *Drawes his Rapier*
Hunger commaunds, my valour must obay. *Exeunt Om.*

Finis Act. 3.

Actvs IIII Scena I.

Enter Count, and Arrigo.

Count. Is the Duke priuate?

Arrigo. He

Arr. He is alone, but I thinke your Lordship may enter. *Exit Count. Enter Gondarino.*

Gond. Who's with the Duke?

Arr. The Count is newe gone in, but the Duke will come forth, before you can be weary of waiting.

Gond. I will attend him here.

Arr. I must wait without the dore. *Exit Arrigo*

Gond. Doth he hope to cleare his sister, shee will come no more to my house, to laugh at me: I haue sent her to a habitation, where when she shal be seene, it wil set a glosse vpon her name; yet vpon my soule I haue bestowed her amongst the purest hearted creatures of her sexe, and the freest from dissimulation; for their deedes are all alike, only they dare speake, what the rest thinke: the women of this age, if there bee any degrees of comparison amongst their sexe, are worse then those of former times; for I haue read of women, of that trueth, spirit, and constancy, that were they now liuing, I should indure to see them: But I feare the writers of the time, belied them, for how familiar a thing is it with the Poets of our age, to extoll their whores, which they call mistresses, with heauenly praises? but I thanke their furies, and their craz'd braines, beyond beleefe: nay how many that would faine seeme serious, haue dedicated graue works to ladies tooth-lesse, hollow ei'd, their haire shedding, purple fac'd, their nayles apparantly comming off; and the bridges of their noses broken downe; and haue called thē the choyse handy workes of nature, the patterns of perfection, and the wondermēt of women. Our women begin to swarme like Bees in Summer: as I came hither, there was no payre of stayers, no entry, no lobbey, but was pestred with them: mee thinkes there might bee some course taken to destroy them.

Enter Arrigo, and an old deafe countrey gentlewoman suter to the Duke.

Arrigo. I doe accept your money, walke here, and when the Duke comes out, you shall haue fit opportunitie to deliuer

deliuer your petition to him.

Gentlew. I thanke you heartily, I pray you who's he that walkes there?

Arr. A Lord, and a Souldier, one in good fauor with the Duke; if you could get him to deliuer your Petition---

Gentlew. What do you say Sir?

Arr. If you could get him to deliuer your petition for you, or to second you, 'twere sure.

Gentlew. I hope I shall liue to requite your kindnes.

Arrig. You haue already. *Exit Arrigo*

Gentlew. May it please your Lordship——

Gond. No, No.

Gentlew. To consider the estate—— *Gond.* No.

Gentlew. Of a poore oppressed Country Gentlewoman.

Gond. No, it doth not please my Lordship.

Gentlew. First and foremost, I haue had great injurie, then I haue beene brought vp to the Towne three times.

Gond. A poxe on him, that brought thee to the Towne.

Gentlew. I thanke your good Lordship heartily; though I cannot heare well, I knowe it grieues you; and heere wee haue beene delai'd, and sent downe againe, and fetched vp againe, and sent downe againe, to my great charge: And now at last they haue fetched mee vppe, and fiue of my daughters——

Gond. Enough to damne fiue worldes.

Gentlew. Handsome young women, though I say it, they are all without, if it please your Lordship, Ile call them in.

Gond. Fiue women! how many of my sences should I haue left me then? call in fiue Diuels first.

No, I will rather walke with thee alone,
And heare thy tedious tale of iniurie,
And giue thee answeres; whisper in thyne eare,
And make thee vnderstand; through thy French-hood:
And all this with tame patience.

Gentlew. I see your Lordship does believe, that they are without, and I perceiue you are much mou'd at our injurie: her's a paper will tell you more.

Gond. Away

Gond. Away.

Gentlew. It may bee you had rather here mee tell it *viua voce*, as they say.

Gond. O no, no, no, no, I haue heard it before.

Gentlew. Then you haue heard of enough injurie, for a poore Gentlewoman to receiue.

Gond. Neuer, neuer, but that it troubles my conscience, to wish any good to those women; I could afford them to bee valiant, and able, that it might be no disgrace for a Souldier to beat them.

Gentlew. I hope your Lordship will deliuer my petition to his grace, and yoo may tell him withall———

Gond. What, I will deliuer any thing against my selfe, to be rid on thee.

Gentlew. That yesterday, about three a clocke, in the after noone, I met my aduersarie.

Gond. Giue me thy paper, he can abide no long tales.

Gentlew. 'Tis very short my Lord, and I demaunding of him———

Gond. Ile tell him that shall serue thy turne.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. Ile tell him that shal serue thy turne, be gone: man neuer doth remember how great his offences are, till hee doe meet with one of you, that plagues him for them: why should women only aboue all other creatures that were created for the benefit of mā, haue the vse of speech? or why should any deed of theirs, done by their fleshly appetites, be disgracefull to their owners? nay, why should not an act done by any beast I keepe, against my consent, disparage me as much as that of theirs?

Gentlew. Here's some few Angels for your Lordship.

Gond. Againe? yet more torments?

Gentlew. Indeed you shall haue them.

Gond. Keepe off.

Gentlew. A small gratuit for your kindnesse.

Gond. Hold away.

Gent. Why then I thank your Lordship, Ile gather thē vp

 againe,

againe, and Ile bee ſworne, it is the firſt money, that was refus'd, ſince I came to the court.

Gond. What can ſhe deuiſe to ſay more?

Gentlew. Truely I would haue willingly parted with them to your Lordſhip.

Gond. I beleeue it, I beleeue it.

Gentlew. But ſince it is thus---

Gond. More yet.

Gentlew. I will attend without, and expect an anſwere.

Gond. Doe, begone, and thou ſhalt expect, and haue any thing, thou ſhalt haue thy anſwere from him; and he were beſt to giue thee a good one at firſt, for thy deafe importunitie, will conquer him too, in the end.

Gent. God bleſſe your Lordſhip, & all that fauour poore diſtreſſed country gentlewoman. *Exit Gentlewoman.*

Gond. All the diſeaſes of man, light vpon them that doe, and vpon me when I doe; a weeke of ſuch daies, would either make me ſtarke mad, or tame mee: yonder other woman that I haue ſure enough, ſhall anſwer for thy ſinnes: dare they incenſe me ſtill, I will make them feare as much to be ignorant of mee and my moodes, as men are to bee ignorant of the lawe they liue vnder. Who's there? My blood grew cold, I began to feare my Suters returne; tis the Duke.

Enter the Duke and the Count.

Count. I know her chaſte, though ſhe be yong & free,
And is not of that forc'd behauiour
That many others are, and that this Lord,
Out of the boundleſſe malice to the ſexe,
Hath throwne this ſcandall on her.

Gond. Fortune, befriended mee againſt my will, with this good old country gentlewomā; I beſeech your grace, to view fauourably the petition of a wrōged gentlewomā.

Duke. What *Gondarino*, are you become a petitioner for your enemies?

Gond. My Lord, they are no enemies of mine, I confeſſe the better to couer my deeds, which ſometimes were looſe

enough,

enough, I pretended it, as it is wisdome, to keepe close our incontinencie; but since you haue discouered me, I will no more put on that vizar, but will as freely open all my thoughts to you, as to my Confessor.

Duke. What say you to this?

Count. He that confesses, he did once dissemble,
Ile neuer trust his wordes, can you imagine
A maide, whose beauty could not suffer her
To liue thus long vntempted, by the noblest,
Richest, and cunningst masters in that Arte,
And yet hath euer held a faire repute;
Could in one morning, and by him be brought,
To forget all her vertue, and turne whore?

Gond. I would I had some other talke in hand,
Then to accuse a sister to her brother;
Nor doe I meane it for a publike scandall,
Vnlesse by vrging me, you make it so.

Duke. I will read this at better leisure: *Gondarino*, where is the Lady?

Count. At his house.

Gond. No, shee is departed thence.

Count. Whither?

Gond. Vrge it not thus, or let me be excus'd,
If what I speake betray her chastitie,
And both increase my sorrow, and your owne.

Count. Feare me not so, if shee deserue the fame
Which shee hath gotten, I would haue it publisht,
Brand her my selfe, and whip her through the cittie:
I wish those of my blood that doe offend,
Should be more strictly punisht, then my foes.
Let it be prooued.

Duke. *Gondarino*, thou shalt proue it, or suffer worse then shee should doe.

Gond. Then pardon me, if I betray the faults
Of one, I loue more deerely then my selfe,
Since opening hers, I shall betray myne owne:
But I will bring you, where shee now intends

Not to be vertuous: pride and wantonneſſe,
That are true friends indeed, though not in ſhew,
Haue entred on her heart, there ſhee doth bath,
And ſleeke her haire, and practiſe cunning lookes,
To entertaine me with; and hath her thoughts
As full of luſt, as euer you did thinke
Them full of modeſtie.

Duk. *Gondarino*, lead on, wee'l follow thee. *Exeunt.*

Actvs IIII. Scen. II.

Enter Pandar.

Pan. Here hope I to meete my citizen, and here hopes he to meete his ſcholler; I am ſure I am graue enough, to his eies, and knaue enough to deceiue him: I am beleeued to conjure, raiſe ſtormes, and diuels, by whoſe power I can doe wonders; let him beleeue ſo ſtill, beleefe hurts no man: I haue an honeſt blacke cloake, for my knauerie, and a Generall pardon for his foolerie, from this preſent day, till the day of his Breaking. Iſt not a miſerie, and the greateſt of our age, to ſee a handſome, young, faire enough, and well mounted wench, humble her ſelfe, in an old ſtammell petticoate, ſtanding poſſeſt of no more fringe then the ſtreet can allow her: her vpper parts ſo poore and wanting, that yee may ſee her bones through her bodies: ſhooes ſhe would haue, if her captaine were come ouer, and is content the while to deuote her ſelfe to antiēt ſlippers. Theſe premiſſes wel cōſidered, gentlemē will mooue, they make me melt I promiſe yee, they ſtirre me much; and were't not for my ſmooth, ſoft, ſilken Citizen, I would quit this tranſitorie trade, get mee an euerlaſting robe, ſeare vp my conſcience, and turne Serieant. But here a comes, is mine as good as prize: Sir *Pandarus* be my ſpeed, ye are moſt fitly met ſir.

Enter Mercer.

Mercer. And you as wel encountred, what of this heire? hath

hath your bookes beene propitious?

Pan. Sir, 'tis done, shees come, shee is in my house, make your selfe apt for Courtship, stroke vp your stockings, loose not an inch of your legges goodnesse; I am sure yee weare sockes.

Merc. There your bookes faile ye Sir, in truth I weare no sockes.

Pand. I would ye had Sir, it were the sweeter grace for your legges; get on your gloues, are they perfum'd?

Merc. A pretty wash Ile assure you.

Pand. 'T will serue: your offers must be full of bounty, veluets to furnish a gowne, silkes for petticoats and foreparts, shag for linings; forget not some pretty jewell to fasten, after some little complement: if shee deny this curtesie, double your bounties, be not wanting in aboundance, fulnesse of guiftes, linckt with a pleasing tongue, will winne an Anchorite. Sir, yee are my friende, and friende to all that professes good letters; I must not vse this office else, it fits not for a scholler, and a gentleman: those stockings are of *Naples*, they are silke?

Merc. Ye are againe beside your text; sir, they are a the best of wooll, and they cleeped jersey.

Pan. Sure they are very deare?

Merc. Nine shillings, by my loue to learning.

Pan. Pardon my iudgement, wee schollers vse no other obiects, but their bookes.

Mercer. There is one thing intomb'd in that graue breast, that makes mee equally admire it with your schollership.

Pan. Sir, but that in modestie I am bound not to affect mine own commendation, I would inquire it of you?

Merc. Sure you are very honest, and yet yee haue a kind of modest feare to shew it: doe not deny it, that face of yours, is a worthy learned modest face.

Pan. Sir, I can blush.

Mer. Vertue and Grace are alwaies paird together: but I will leaue to stir your blood Sir, and now to our busines,

Pan Forget not my instructions.

Mer. I apprehend ye Sir, I will gather my selfe together, with my best phrases, and so I shall discourse in some sort takingly.

Pan. This was well worded Sir, and like a Scholer.

Mer. The Muses fauor me as my entents are vertuous; Sir ye shall be my tutor, tis neuer to late Sir to loue learning: when I can once speake true latine——

Pan. What do you intend Sir?

Mer. Marry I will then begger all your Bawdy writers, and vndertake at the perrill of my owne inuention, all Pageants, poesies for Chimnies, Speeches for the Dukes entertainment, whensoeuer and whatsoeuer; nay I will builde at mine owne charge, an Hospitall, to which shall retyer, all diseased opinions, all broken Poets, all Prose-men that are fallen from small sence, to meere letters; and it shall be lawfull, for a Lawyer, if he bee a ciuill man, though a haue vndone others & himselfe by the language; to retyre to this poore life, and learne to be honest.

Pan. Sir ye are very good, and very charitable: ye are a true patterne for the Citie Sir.

Mer. Sir, I do knowe sufficiently their shop-bookes cannot saue them, there is a further end---

Pan. Oh: Sir much may be done by manescript.

Mer. I do confesse it Sir, prouided still they be canonicoll, and haue some worthy handes set to vm for probation: but we forget our selues.

Pan. Sir enter when you please, and all good language typpe your tongue.

Mer. All that loue learning pray for my good successe.

Exit Mercer.

ACTVS IIII SCENA III.

Enter Lazarello and his Boy.

Laz. Boy, where abouts are we?

Boy. Sir by all tokens this is the house, bawdy I am sure, by the broken windowes, the fish head is within, if ye dare

venture

venture, here you may surprise it.

Laza. The miserie of man may fitly bee compared to a Didapper, who when shee is vnder water past our sight, and indeed can seeme no more to vs, rises againe, shakes but her selfe, and is the same she was; so is it still with transitorie man, this day: oh but an howre since, & I was mighty, mighty in knowledge, mighty in my hopes, mightie in blessed meanes, and was so truly happie, that I durst a said, liue *Lazarello*, and be satisfied: but now--

Boy. Sir ye are yet a flote and may recouer, be not your owne wracke, here lies the harbor, goe in and ride at ease.

Laza. Boy I am receiued to be a Gentleman, a Courtier, and a man of Action, modest, and wise, and bee it spoken with thy reuerence Child, abounding vertous; and would'st thou haue a man of these choise habits, couet the couer of a baudy house? yet if I goe not in, Iam but--

Boy. But what Sir?

Laza. Dust boy, but dust, and my soule vnsatisfied shall haunt the keepers of my blessed Saint, and I will appeare.

Boy. An Asse to all men; Sir these are no meanes, to stay your appetite, you must resolue to enter.

Laza. Were not the house subiect to Martiall law--

Boy. If that be all, Sir ye may enter, for ye can know nothing here, that the Court is ignorant of, onely the more eyes shall looke vpon yee, for there they winck one at anothers faults.

Laza. If I doe not,

Boy. Then ye must beat fairely backe againe, fal to your physical messe of porridge, & the twice sackt carcase of a Capon, Fortune may fauour you so much, to send the bread to it: but 'its a meere venture, and money may bee put out vpon it.

Laza. I will goe in and liue; pretend some loue to the gentlewoman, screw my self in affectiō, & so be satisfied.

Pan. This flie is caught, is masht alreadie, I will sucke him, and lay him by.

Boy.

Boy. Muffle your selfe in your cloake by any meanes, 'tis a receiued thing among gallants, to walke to their leacherie, as though they had the rhume, 'twas well you brought not your horse.

Laza. Why boy?

Boy. Faith Sir tis the fashion of our gentry, to haue their horses wait at dore like men, while the beasts their maisters, are within at racke & mainger, 'twould haue discouered much.

Laza. I will lay by these habits, formes, and graue respects of what I am, and bee my selfe; onely my appetite, my fire, my soule, my being, my deere appetite shall goe along with me, arm'd with whose strength, I feareles wil attempt the greatest danger dare oppose my furie: I am resolu'd where euer that thou art, most sacred dish, hid from vnhollowed eyes, to find thee out.

Bee'st thou in hell, rap't by *Proserpina*,
To be a Riuall in blacke *Plutoes* loue:
Or moues thou in the heauens, a forme diuine:
Lashing the lazie Spheres:
Or if thou beest return'd to thy first being,
Thy mother Sea, there will I seeke thee forth,
Earth, Ayre, nor Fire,
Nor the blacke shades belowe, shall barre my sight,
So daring is my powerfull appetite.

Boy. Sir, you may saue this long voyage, and take a shorter cut, you haue forgot your self, the fish head's here, your owne imaginations haue made you mad.

Laza. Tearme it a iealous furie good my boy.

Boy. Faith Sir tearme it what you will, you mu st vse other tearmes ere you can get it.

Laza. The lookes of my sweet loue are faire,
Fresh and feeding as the Ayre.

Boy. Sir, you forget your selfe.

Laz. Was neuer seene so rare a head,
Of any Fish aliue or dead.

Boy. Good Sir remember, this is the house Sir.

Laza.

Laz. Curſed be he that dare not venter.

Boy. Pitty your ſelfe ſir, and leaue this furie.

Laz. For ſuch a prize, and ſo I enter.

Exit Lazarello, and Boy.

Pan. Dun's ith' myre, get out againe how a can:
My honeſt gallant, Ile ſhew you one tricke more
Then ere the foole your father dreamd of yet.
Madona Iulia?

Enter Madona Iulia, a whore.

Iulia. What newes my ſweet rogue, my deere ſinnes broker, what? good newes?

Pan. There is a kinde of ignorant thing, much like a Courtier, now gone in.

Iul. Is a gallant?

Pan. A ſhines not very gloriouſly, nor does a weare one skinne perfum'd to keepe the tother ſweet; his coate is not in or, nor does the world run yet on wheeles with him; is rich enough, and has a ſmall thing followes him, like to a boate tied to a tall ſhips taile: giue him entertainment, be light and flaſhing like a Meteor, hug him about the necke, giue him a kiſſe, and liſping crie, good Sir; and is thine owne, as faſt as a were tied to thine armes, by Indentures.

Iul. I dare doe more then this, if a bee a the true Court cut; Ile take him out a leſſon worth the learning: but wee are but their Apes; whats he worth?

Pan. Be he rich, or poore, if he will take thee with him, thou maiſt vſe thy trade free from Conſtables, and Marſhals: who hath bin here ſince I went out?

Iul. There is a gentlewoman ſent hither by a Lord, ſhee's a peece of dainty ſtuffe my rogue, ſmooth, and ſoft, as new Satten; ſhee was neuer gumb'd yet boy, nor fretted.

Pan. Where lies ſhee?

Iul. Shee lies aboue, towards the ſtreet, not to be ſpoke with, but by the Lord that ſent her, or ſome from him, we haue in charge from his ſeruants.

Pan. Peace, a comes out againe vpon diſcouery; vp with all your canuas, hale him in; and when thou haſt done, clap him a board brauely, my valiant Pinnace.

Iul. Begone, I ſhall doe reaſon with him.

Laz. Are you the ſpeciall beauty of this houſe?

Iul. Sir, you haue giuen it a more ſpeciall regard by your good language, then theſe blacke brows can merit.

Laz. Lady you are faire.

Iul. Faire ſir? I thanke yee; all the poore meanes I haue left to be thought gratefull, is but a kiſſe, and ye ſhall haue it Sir.

Laz. Ye haue a very moouing lip.

Iul. Prooue it againe Sir, it may bee your ſence was ſet too high, & ſo ouer wrought it ſelfe.

Laz. 'Tis ſtill the ſame: how farre may ye hold the time to be ſpent Lady?

Iul. Foure a clocke ſir.

Laz. I haue not eate to day.

Iul. You will haue the better ſtomacke to your ſupper; in the meane time, Ile feed ye with delight.

Laz. 'Tis not ſo good vpon an emptie ſtomacke: if it might be without the trouble of your houſe, I would eate?

Iul. Sir, we can haue a Capon ready.

Laz. The day?

Iul. 'Tis Friday Sir.

Laz. I doe eat little fleſh vpon theſe daies.

Iul. Come ſweet, ye ſhall not thinke on meat; Ile drown it with a better appetite.

Laz. I feele it worke more ſtrangely, I muſt eate.

Iul. 'Tis now too late to ſend; I ſay ye ſhall not thinke ou meat: if ye doe, by this kiſſe Ile be angry.

Laz. I could be farre more ſprightfull, had I eaten, and more laſting.

Iul. What wil ye haue Sir? name but the Fiſh, my maid ſhall bring it, if it may be got.

Laz. Me thinks your houſe ſhould not be ſo vnfurniſht, as not to haue ſome pretty modicum?

Iul. It

Iul. It is so now: but cou'd ye stay till supper?

Laz. Sure I haue offended highly and much, and my inflictions make it manifest, I will retire henceforth, and keep my chamber, liue priuatly, and die forgotten.

Iul. Sir I must craue your pardō, I had forgot my selfe; I haue a dish of meat within, & it is fish, I think this Dukedome holds not a daintier: 'tis an *Vmbranoes* head.

Laz. Lady, this kisse is yours, and this.

Iul. Hoe? within there? couer the board, and set the fish head on it.

Laz. Now am I so truely happy, so much aboue all fate and fortune, that I should despise that man, durst say, Remember *Lazarello*, thou art mortall.

Enter Intelligencers with a Guard.

2. *Int.* This is the villaine, lay hands on him.

Laz. Gentlemen, why am I thus intreated? what is the nature of my crime?

2. *Int.* Sir, though you haue carried it a great while priuatly, and (as you thinke) well; yet we haue seene your Sir, and we doe know thee *Lazarello*, for a traitor.

Laz. The gods defend our Duke.

2. *Int.* Amen. Sir, Sir, this cannot saue that stiffe necke from the halter.

Iul. Gentlemen, I am glad you haue discouer'd him, a should not haue eaten vnder my roofe for twenty poūds; and surely I did not like him, when a cal'd for Fish.

Laz. My friends, will ye let me haue that little fauour—

1. *Int.* Sir, ye shall haue law, and nothing else.

Laz. To let me stay the eating of a bit or two, for I protest I am yet fasting?

Iul. Ile haue no traitor come within my house.

Lazar. Nowe could I wish my selfe, I had beene Traitor, I haue strength enough for to endure it, had I but patience: Man thou art but grasse, thou art a bubble, and thou must perish.

Then lead along, I am prepar'd for all,
Since I haue lost my hopes, welcome my fall.

2. *Int.* Away sir.

Laz. As thou hast hope of man, stay but this dish this two houres, I doubt not but I shall be discharged: by this light I will marry thee.

Iul. You shall marry me first then?

Laz. I doe contract my selfe vnto thee nowe, before these gentlemen.

Iul. Ile preserue it till you be hangd, or quitted.

Laz. Thankes, thankes.

2. *Int.* Away, away, you shall thanke her at the gallows.

Laz. Adiew, adiew.

Exeunt Lazar. 2. Intell. and Guard.

Iul. If he liue, Ile haue him; if he be hang'd, there's no losse in it. *Exit.*

Enter Oriana and her waiting woman: looke out at a window.

Orian. Hast thou prouided one to beare my letter to my brother?

Wait. I haue enquir'd, but they of the house will suffer no letter nor message to bee carried from you, but such as the Lord *Gondarino* shall bee acquainted with: Truly Madam, I suspect the house to be no better then it should be.

Orian. What doest thou doubt?

Wait. Faith, I am loath to tell it Madam.

Oria. Out with it, 'tis not true modesty to feare to speak that thou doest thinke.

Wait. I thinke it be one of these same bawdy houses.

Oria. 'Tis no matter wench, wee are warme in it; keepe thou thy minde pure, and vpon my word, that name will doe thee no hurt: I cannot force my selfe yet to feare any thing; when I do get out, Ile haue another encounter with my Woman Hater. Here will I sit, I may get sight of some of my friendes, it must needes be a comfort to them to see me here.

Enter Duke, Gondarino, Count, Arrigo.

Gond. Are wee all sufficiently disguiz'd? for this house where shee attendes mee, is not to bee visited in our own shapes.

Duke. We

Duke. We are not our selues.

Arri. I know the house to be sinfull ynough, yet I haue bin heretofore, and durst now, but for discouering of you, appeare here in my owne likenesse.

Duke. Where's *Lucio*?

Arri. My Lord, he said, the affaires of the Commonwealth, would not suffer him to attend alwayes.

Duk. Some great ones questionlesse that hee will handle.

Count. Come, let vs enter?

Gond. See how Fortune striues, to reuenge my quarrell vpon these women, shee's in the window, were it not to vndoe her, I should not looke vpon her.

Duk. Lead vs *Gondarino.*

Gond. Stay, since you force me to display my shame,
Looke there, and you my Lord, know you that face?

Duk. 'Tis shee?

Count. It is.

Gond. 'Tis shee, whose greatest vertue euer was
Dissimulation, she that still hath stroue
More to sinne cunningly then to auoid it:
She that hath euer sought to be accounted
Most vertuous, when she did deserue most scandale:
'Tis she that itches now, and in the height
Of her intemperat thoughts, with greedy eyes
Expects my comming to allay her lust:
Leaue her, forget shee's thy sister.

Count. Stay, stay.

Duke. I am as full of this, as thou canst be,
The memory of this will easily
Hereafter stay my loose and wandring thoughts
From any woman.

Count. This wil not downe with me, I dare not trust this fellow.

Duke. Leaue her here, that onely shall be her punishment, neuer to be fetcht from hence; but let her vse her trade to get her liuing.

Count. Stay, good my Lord, I do beleeue all this, as great men as I haue had knowne whores to their ſiſters, & haue laught at it, I would faine heare how ſhe talkes, ſince ſhee grew thus light: will your grace make him ſhew himſelfe to her, as if hee were now come to ſatisfie her longing? whileſt we vnſeene of her, ouer-heare her wantonnes, let's make our beſt of it now we ſhall haue good mirth.

Duk. Doe it *Gondarino*.

Gond. I muſt; fortune aſsiſt me but this once.

Count. Here we ſhall ſtand vnſeene, and neere ynough.

Gond. Madame, *Oriana*.

Oria. Whoſe that? O! my Lord?

Gond. Shall I come vp?

Oria. O you are merry, ſhall I come downe?

Gond. It is better there.

Ori. What is the confeſsion of the lye you made to the Duke, which I ſcarce beleeue yet you had impudence ynough to do? did not gaine you ſo much faith with me, as that I was willing to be at your Lo. beſtowing, till you had recouered my credit, and confeſt your ſelfe a lyar, as you pretended to do? I confeſſe I began to feare you, and deſir'd to be out of your houſe, but your owne followers forc'd me hither.

Gond. 'Tis well ſuſpected, diſſemble ſtill, for there are ſome may heare vs.

Ori. More trickes yet, my Lord? what houſe this is I know not, I only know my ſelfe, it were a great conqueſt if you could faſten a ſcandale vpon me: 'fayth my Lord, giue me leaue to write to my brother?

Duk. Come downe.

Count. Come downe.

Arr. If it pleaſe your grace there's a backe dore.

Count. Come meet vs there then?

Duk. It ſeemes you are acquainted with the houſe.

Arr. I haue bin in it.

Gond. She ſaw you, and diſſembled.

Duke. Sir, we ſhall know that better.

Cond. Bring me vnto her, if I proue her not
To be a strumpet, let me be contemn'd
Of all her sex. *Exeunt.* *Finis Act.* 4.

Actvs V. Scena I.

Enter Lucio.

Lu. Now whilst the young Duke followes his delights,
We that do meane to practise in the State,
Must picke our times, and set our faces in,
And nod our heads, as it may proue most fit
For the maine good of the deare Commonwealth:
Whose within there? *Enter a Seruant.*

Seru. My Lord?

Luc. Secretary, fetch the gowne I vse to read petitions in, and the standish I answer French Letters with, and call in the gentleman that attends: *Exit Seru.*
Little know they that do not deale in State,
How many things there are to be obseru'd,
Which seeme but little; yet by one of vs
(Whose braines do wind about the Commonwealth)
Neglected, cracks our credits vtterly. *Enter Gentleman*
Sir, but that I do presume vpon your secrecie, *& a Seru.*
I would not haue appear'd to you thus ignorantly attir'de
without a tooth-picke in a ribban, or a ring in my band-strings. *Gent.* Your Lordship sent for me?

Luc. I did: Sir your long practise in the state vnder a great man hath led you to much experience.

Gent. My Lord.

Luc. Suffer not your modesty to excuse it, in short and in priuat I desire your direction, I take my studie already to be furnisht after a graue and wise methode.

Gent. What will this Lord do?

Lu. My book-strings are sutable & of a reaching colour.

Gent. How's this?

Lucio. My Standish of Wood strange and sweete, and my fore-flap hangs in the right place, and as neare *Machiauels*, as can be gathered by tradition.

Gent.

Gent. Are there such men as will say nothing abroad, and play the fooles in their lodgings? this Lord must be followed: and hath your Lordship some new made words to scatter in your speeches in publicke, to gaine note, that the hearers may carry them away, and dispute of them at dinner?

Luc. I haue Sir: and besides my seueral gownes and caps agreeable to my seuerall occasions.

Gent. 'Tis wel, and you haue learn'd to write a bad hand, that the Readers may take paines for it.

Luc. Yes sir: and I giue out I haue the palsie.

Gent. Good, 'twere better though, if you had it, your Lo. hath a Secretary, that can write fayre, when you purpose to be vnderstood.

Luc. Faith sir I haue one, there he stands, he hath bin my secretary this 7. yeares, but he hath forgotten to write.

Gent. If he can make a writing face, it is not amisse, so he keep his own counsell: your Lo. hath no hope of the gout?

Luc. Vh, little sir, since the paine in my right foote left me.

Gen. 'T will be some scandale to your wisdome, though I see your Lo. knowes ynough in publike businesse.

Luc. I am not imploy'de (though to my desert) in occasion forraine, nor frequented for matters domesticall.

Gent. Not frequented? what course takes your Lordship?

Luc. The readiest way, my dore stands wide, my Secretary knowes I am not denied to any.

Gent. In this (giue me leaue) your Lordship is out of the way: make a backe dore to let out Intelligencers; seeme to be euer busie, and put your dore vnder keepers, and you shall haue a troope of clients sweating to come at you.

Luc. I haue a back-dore already, I will henceforth be busie, secretary run and keepe the dore. *Exit Secretary.*

Gent. This will fetch am?

Luc. I hope so. *Enter Secretary.*

Secr. My Lord, there are some require accesse to you about weightie affaires of state.

Luc.

Luci. All readie.

Gent. I told you so.

Luci. How waightie is the busines.

Secr. Treason my Lord.

Luci. Sir, my debts to you for this are great.

Gent. I will leaue your Lordship now.

Luci. Sir my death must be sudaine, if I requite you not; at the backe dore good Sir.

Gant. I will be your Lordships intelligencer for once.

Exit Gentleman, Enter Secretarie.

Secr. My Lord.

Luci. Let'am in, and say I am at my studie.

Enter Lazarello, & two Intelligensers. Lucio being at his study.

1. *In.* Where is your Lord?

Secr. At his studie, but he will haue you brought in.

Laza. Why Gentlemen, what will you charge mee withall?

2. *In.* Treason, horrible treason, I hope to haue the leading of thee to prison, and pricke thee on 'ith arse with a halbert: to haue him heng'd that salutes thee, and call all those in question that spit not vpon thee.

Laza. My thred is spunne, yet might I but call for this dish of meat at the gallous, in stead of a Psalme, it were to be indur'd: the Curtaine opens, now my end drawes on.

Secretarie drawes the curtaine.

Luci. Gentlemen I am not emptie of waightie occasions at this time; I pray you your busines.

1. *In.* My Lord, I thinke wee haue discouer'd one of the most blodie Traitors, that euer the world held.

Luci. Signior Lazarillo, I am glad ye'are one of this discouery, giue me your hand.

2. *In.* My Lord that is the Traitor.

Luci. Keepe him off, I would not for my whole estate haue toucht him.

Laz. My Lord.

Luci. Peace Sir, I know the diuel is at your tongues end, to furnish you with speeches? what are the particulars?

you charge him with. *They deliuer a paper to Lucio, who reads.*

both 1n. We haue confer'd our notes, & haue extracted that, which we will iuſtifie vpon our oathes.

Lucio. That he would bee greater then the Duke, that he had caſt plots for this, and meant to corrupt ſome to betray him, that he would burne the Cittie, kill the Duke, and poyſon the priuie Councell; and laſtly kill himſelfe. Though thou deſeru'ſt iuſtly to bee hanged, with ſilence yet I allow thee to ſpeake, be ſhort.

Laza. My Lord, ſo may my greateſt wiſh ſucceed,
So may I liue, and compaſſe what I ſeeke,
As I had neuer treaſon in my thoughts,
Nor euer did conſpire the ouerthrow
Of any creatures, but of brutiſh beaſts,
Fowles, Fiſhes, and ſuch other humaine food
As is prouided for the good of man,
If ſtealing Cuſtards, Tarts, and Florentines
By ſome late Statute be created treaſon;
How many fellow Courtiers can I bring,
Whoſe long attendance, and experience,
Hath made them deeper in the plot then I.

Luci. Peace, ſuch hath euer beene the clemencie of my gratious maiſter the Duke, in all his proceedings, that I had thought, and thought I had thought rightly; that mallice would long ere this, haue hid her ſelfe in her den, and haue turn'd her owne ſting againſt her owne heart: but I well now perceiue; that ſo forward is the diſpoſition of a depraued nature; that it doth not onely ſeeke reuenge, where it hath receiued iniurie; but many times thirſt after their deſtruction, where it hath met with benefits.

Laz. But my good Lord---

2. *In.* Lets gagge him.

Luci. Peace againe, but many times thirſt after diſtruction, where it hath met with benefits; there I left: Such, & no better are the buſines, that we haue now in hand.

1. *In.* Hee's excellently ſpoken.

2. *In.* Hee'l wind a Tratour I warrant him.

Luci. But surely me thinkes, setting aside the touch of Conscience, and all other inward con vulsions.

2. *In.* Hee'l be hang'd, I know by that word.

Laza. Your Lordship may consider——

Luci. Hold thy peace: thou canst not answere this speech: no Tratour can answere it: but because you cannot answere this speech; I take it you haue confessed the Treason.

1. *In.* The Count *Valore* was the first that discouered him, and can witnes it, but hee left the matter to your Lordships graue consideration.

Luci. I thanke his Lordship, carry him away speedily to the Duke.

Laza. Now *Lazarillo* thou art tumbl'd downe
The hill of Fortune, with a violent arme;
All plagues that can be, Famine, and the sword
Will light vpon thee, blacke [illegible] with Doyle
In thy dispairing breast, no comfort by,
Thy Friends farre off, thy enimies are nie.

Luci. Away with him, Ile follow you, looke you pynion him, and take his money from him, least he swallow a shilling and kill himselfe.

2. *In.* Get then on before.

Exeunt.

Actvs 5. Scena. 3.

Enter the Duke, the Count, Gondarino, and Arrigo.

Duke. Now *Gondarino*, what can you put on now
That may againe deceiue vs,
Haue ye more strange illusions, yet more mists,
Through which the weake eye may be led to error:
What can ye say that may doe satisfaction
Both for her wronged honour, and your ill?

Gond. All I can say or may is said alreadie,
She is vnchaſt, or elſe I haue no knowledge,
I doe not breath, nor haue the vſe of ſence.

Duke. Dare ye be yet ſo wilfull, ignorant,
Of your owne nakednes, did not your ſeruants
In mine owne hearing confeſſe
They brought her to that houſe, we found her in;
Almoſt by force: and with a great diſtruſt
Of ſome enſuing hazard.

Count. He that hath begun ſo worthily,
It fits not with his reſolution
To leaue of thus: my Lorde I know theſe are but idle proues.
What ſayes your Lorſhip to them?

Gond. Count, I dare yet pronounce again, thy Siſter is not honeſt.

Coun. You are your ſelf my Lord, I like your ſetel'dnes.

Gond. Count [illegible] yong, and vnexperienced, in the darke hidden wayes of women: I now dar'ſt affirme with confidence a Ladie of fifteene may be a mayde.

Cont. Sir if it were not ſo, I haue a Siſter would ſet neer my heart.

Gond. Let her ſit neer her ſhame, it better fits her: call backe the bloud that made our ſtreame in neereneſſe, and turne the Currant to a better vſe, 'tis too much mudded; I doe igreeue to know it.

Duke. Dar'ſt thou make vp againe, dar'ſt to turne face, knowing wee know thee, haſt thou not beene diſcouered openly: did not our eares heare her denie thy courtings? did we not ſee her bluſh with modeſt anger, to be ſo ouertaken by a tricke; can ye denie this Lord?

Gond. Had not your Grace, and her kind brother
Beene within leuell of her eye,
You ſhould haue had a hotter volley from her
More full of bloud and fire, readie to leape the window, where ſhe ſtood.
So truly ſenſuall is her appetite,

Duke

Duke. Sir, Sir, these are but wordes and trickes, giue me the proofe.

Count. What need a better proofe then your Lordship, I am sure ye haue laine with her my Lord.

Gond. I haue confest it Sir.

Duke. I dare not giue thee credit without witnes.

Gond. Doe's your Grace thinke, wee carry seconds, with vs, to search vs, and see faire play: your Grace hath beene ill tutord in the businesse; but if you hope to trie her truly, and satisfie your selfe what frailtie is, giue her the Test: doe not remember Count shee is your Sister; nor let my Lorde the Duke beleeue shee is faire; but put her too'it without hope or pittie, then yee shall see that goulden forme flie off, that all eyes wonder at for pure and fixt, and vnder it, base blushing copper; mettall not worth the meaneſt honnor: you shall behold her then my Lord Transparent, looke through her heart, and veiw the spirits how they leape, and tell mee then, I did belie the Ladie.

Duke. It shalbe done: come *Gendarino* bear vs company, We doe beleeue thee she shall die, and thou shalt see it.

Enter Lazarello, 2. Intelligensers, and Guard.

How now my friends, whome haue ye guarded hether.

2. *In.* So please your Grace wee haue discouer'd a a villaine and a Traytour: the Lord *Lucio* hath examin'd him, and sent him to your Grace for Iudgement.

Count. My Lord, I dare absoule him from all sinne of Treason: I knowe his most ambitions is but a dish of meate; which a'hath hunted, with so trew a sent, that hee deserueth the Coller, not the Halter.

Duke. Why do they bring him thus boūd vp? the poore man had more neede of some warme meate, to comforte his cold stomacke.

Count. Your grace shall haue the cause hereafter, when when you may laugh more freely.
But these are cal'd Informers: men that liue by Treason; as Rat-chatchers do by poyson.

Du. Would there were no heauier prodigies hung ouer vs, then this poore fellow, I durſt redeeme all perils ready to powre thẽſelues vppon this ſtate, with a cold Cuſtard.

Con. Your grace might doit, without dãger toy our perſõ.

Laz. My Lord, if euer I intended Treaſon againſt your perſon, or the ſtate, vnles it were by wiſhing from your Table, ſome diſh of meate; which I muſt needs confeſſe, was not a ſubjects part: or coueting by ſtealth, ſupps from thoſe noble bottles, that no mouth keeping allegeance trew, ſhould dare to taſt: I muſt confeſſe with more then couetous eye, I haue bee held thoſe deare conceal'd diſhes, that haue been brought in, by cunning equipage, to waite vpon your graces pallate: I do confeſſe out of this preſent heat, I haue had ſtratagemes, & ambuſcadoes: but God be thanked they haue neuer tooke.

Duke. Count, this buſines is your owne; when you haue done, repaire to vs. *Exit Duke.*

Coun. I will attend your grace: *Lazarello*, you are at libertie, be your owne man againe; and if ye can be maiſter of your wiſhes, I wiſh it may be ſo.

Laz. I humbly thanke your Lordſhip: I muſt bee vnmanerly, I haue ſome preſent buſines, once more I heartilie thanke your Lordſhip. *Exit Lazarillo.*

Count. Now euen a word or two to you, and ſo farewel; you think you haue deſeru'd much of this ſtate, by this diſcouerie: y'are a ſlauiſh people, growne ſubject to the common courſe of all men. How much vnhappie were that noble ſpirite, could worke by ſuch baſer gaines? what miſery would not a knowing man put on, with willingnes, ere he ſee him ſelfe growne fat and full fed, by fall of thoſe you riſe by? I do diſcharge ye my attendance; our healthfull ſtate needes no ſuch Leeches to ſuck out her bloud.

1 *Intel.* I do beſeech your Lordſhip. 2 *Int.* Good my L. *Count.* Go learne to be more honeſt, whẽ I ſee you worke your meanes from honeſt induſtrie, *Exeunt Informers.*

I will be willing to accept your labors:
Till then I will keepe backe my promiſt fauours:
Heere comes an other remnant of folly: *Enter Lucio.*

I muſt

I must dispatch him too. Now Lord *Lucio*, what busines bring you hyther?

Lucio. Faith Sir, I am discouering what will become of that notable piece of Treason, entended by that varlet *Lazarello*; I haue sent him to the Duke for judgment.

Count. Sir you haue performed the part of a most carefull states-man, and let me say it to your face, Sir of a Father to this state: I would wish you to retyre, and insconce your selfe in studie: for such is your dayly labor, and our feare, that the losse of an houre may breed our ouerthrow.

Lucio Sir I will be cōmaunded by your judgement, and though I find it a trouble scant to be waded through, by these weake yeares, yet for the deare care of the Common-wealth, I will bruse my braynes, and cōfine my selfe to much vexation.

Count. Goe, and mayest thou knocke downe Treason like an Oxe. *Lucio.* Amen. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mercer, Pander, Francisina.

Mer. Haue I spoke thus much in the honor of learning? learn'd the names of the seuē liberall Sciences, before my mariage; & since, haue in hast written Epistles congratulary, to the 9. Muses: & is she prou'd a whore & a Beggar?

Pan. T is true, you are not now to be taught, that no man can be learn'd of a suddaine; let not your first proiect discourage you, what you haue lost in this, you may get againe in Alcumie.

Fran. Feare not husband, I hope to make as good a wife, as the best of your neighbours haue, and as honest.

Mer. I will go home; good sir do not publish this, as lōg as it run's amōgst our selues; 'tis good honest mirth: you'l come hōe to supper; I meane to haue al her friends & mine as ill as it goes. *Pan.* Do wisely sir, & bid your own frieds, your whole wealth wil scarce feast all hers, neither is it for your credit, to walke the streets, with a woman so noted, get you home, and prouide her cloathes: let her come an houre hēce with an hād-basket & shift her selfe, she'l serue to sit at the vpper end of the Table, & drink to your customers.

Mer. Arte

Mer. Arte is just, and will make me a mendes.

Pan. No doubt Sir.

Mer. The chiefe note of a Scholler you say, is to gouerne his passions; wherefore I do take all patiently; in signe of which my most deare wife, I do kisse thee: make hast home after me, I shall be in my Studie. *Exit Mer.*

Pan. Goe, a vaunt, my new Citie dame, send mee what you promised me for consideration; and may'st thou prooue a Lady.

Fran. Thou shalt haue it, his silkes shall flye for it.

Enter Lazarello and his Boy *Exeunt*

Lazarello. How sweetis a calme after a tempest, what is there nowe that can stand betwixt mee and felicitie? I haue gon through all my crosses constātly; haue confoūded my enimies, and know where to haue my longings satisfied; I haue my way before me, there is the dore, and I may freely walke into my delights. knocke Boy.

Iulia. Who's their? *within*

Laz. *Madena* my loue, not guiltie, not guiltie, open the dore. *Enter Iulia*

Iulia Art thou come sweet heart?

Laz. Yes to thy soft imbraces, and the rest of my ouerflowing blisses; come let vs in and swime in our delights: a short grace as we goe, and so to meat.

Iulia. Nay my deare loue, you must beare with mee in this; we'le to the Church first.

Laza. Shall I be sure of it then.

Iulia By my loue you shall.

Laz. I am content, for I do now wish to hould off longer, to whet my appetite, and doe desire to meet with more troubles, so I might conquere them.

And as a holy louer that hath spent
The tedious night, with many asigh and teares;
Whil'st he pursu'd his wench: and hath obseru'd
The smiles, and frownes, not daring to displease;
When at last, hath with his seruice wone
Her yeelding heart; that she begins to dote

Vpon

Vpon him, and can hold not longer out,
But hangs about his necke, and woes him more
Then euer he desir'd her loue before:
Then begins to flatter his desert,
And growing wanton, needes will cast her off;
Trie her, picke quarrels, to breed fresh delight,
And to increase his pleasing appetite.

Iul. Come Mouse, will you walke?

Laz. I pray thee let me bee deliuered of the joy I am so big with; I doe feele that high heat within me, that I begin to doubt whether I be mortall?
How I contemne my fellowes in the Court,
With whom I did but yesterday conuerse,
And in a lower and an humbler key
Did walke, and meditate on grosser meates:
There are they still poore rogues, shaking their chops,
And sneaking after cheeses, and doe runne
Headlong in chase of euery jacke of Beere
That crosseth them, in hope of some repast,
That it will bring them to; whilst I am here,
The happiest wight, that euer set his tooth
To a deare noueltie: approch my loue,
Come let's goe to knit the true loues knot,
That neuer can be broken.

Boy. That is to marry a whore.

Laz. When that is done, then will we taste the gift,
Which Fates haue sent, my fortunes vp to lift.

Boy. When that is done, you'l begin to repent, vpon a full stomacke; but I see, 'tis but a forme in destiny, not to be alter'd. *Exeunt*

Enter Arrigo, and Oriana.

Orian. Sir, what may be the currant of your busines, that thus you single out your time and place?

Arrigo. Madame, the businesse nowe impos'd vpon me, concernes you neerely; I wish some worser man might finish it.

Or. Why are ye chang'd so? are ye not well sir?

Arr. Yes madam, I am well, wo'd you were so.

Orrian. Why sir? I feele my selfe in perfect health.

Arr. And yet ye cannot liue long, madam.

Oria. Why good *Arrigo*?

Arr. Why, ye must die.

Oria. I know I must, but yet my fate calls not vpon me.

Arr. It does; this hand the Duke commandes shall giue you death.

Orian. Heauen, and the powers diuine, guard well the innocent.

Arr. Lady, your praiers may doe your soule some good,
That sure your body cannot merrit by'vm:
You must prepare to die. (mitted,

Orian. What's my offence? what haue these yeares com-
That may be dangerous to the Duke or State?
Haue I conspir'd by poyson? haue I giu'n vp
My honour to some loose vnsetl'd blood
That may giue action to my plots?
Deare sir, let me not die ignorant of my faults?

Arr. Ye shall not.
Then Lady, you must know, you are held vnhonest;
The Duke, your brother, and your friends in court,
With too much griefe condemne ye: though to me,
The fault deserues not to be paid with death.

Orian. Who is my accuser?

Arr. Lord *Gondarino*. (Duke,

Orian. *Arrigo*, take these wordes, and beare them to the
It is the last petition I shall aske thee:
Tell him the child, this present houre brought forth
To see the world, ha's not a soule more pure, more white,
More virgin then I haue. Tell him Lord *Gondarinoes*
Plot, I suffer for, and willingly: tel him it had bin a greater
honour, to haue sau'd then kil'd: but I haue done: strike,
I am arm'd for heauen. VVhy stay you? is there any
hope?

Arr. I would not strike.

Orian. Haue you the power to saue?

Arr. With

Arr. With hazzard of my life, if it should be knowne.

Orian. You will not venture that?

Arr. I will: Lady, there is that means yet to escape your death, if you can wisely apprehend it.

Orian. Ye dare not be so kind?

Arr. I dare, and will, if you dare but deserue it.

Orian. If I should slight my life, I were too blame.

Arr. Then madam, this is the meanes, or else you die: I loue you.

Orian. I shall beleeue it, if you saue my life.

Arr. And you must lie with me.

Orian. I dare not buy my life so.

Arr. Come ye must resolue, say yea or no.

Orian. Then no; nay looke not ruggedly vpon me, I am made vp too strong, to feare such lookes. Come, doe your Butchers part: before I would win life, with the deare losse of honour, I dare finde meanes to free my selfe.

Arr. Speake, will ye yeeld?

Orian. Villaine, I will not; murderer doe thy worst, thy base vnnoble thoughts dare prompt thee to; I am aboue thee slaue.

Arr. Will thou not be drawne to yeild by faire perswasions?

Orian. No nor by —

Arr. Peace, know your doom then; your Ladiship must remēber, you are not now at home, where you dare least at all that come about you: but you are fallen vnder my mercie, which shal be smal: if thou refuse to yeeld, heare what I haue sworn vnto my selfe; I will inioy thee, though it betweene the parting of thy soule and body. Yield yet and liue.

Orian. Ile guard the one, let heauens guard the tother.

Ar. Are ye so resolute then? *Duk, frō aboue.* Hold, hold, I say.

Oria. What haue I? yet more terror to my tragedy?

Arr. Lady, the scene of blood is done; ye are now as free from scandal, as from death.

Enter Duke, Count, and Gondarino.

Duke. Thou woman which wert borne to teach men (vertue,
Faire, sweet, and modest maid forgiue my thoughts,
My trespas was my loue. Seize *Gondarino*, let him wait our doomes.

Gond. I doe begin a little to loue this woman; I could indure her already twelue miles off.

Count. Sister, I am glad you haue brought your honour off so fairely, without losse: you haue done a worke aboue your sexe, the Duke admires it; giue him faire encounter.

Duk. Best of all comforts; may I take this hand, and call
Oria. I am your Graces handmaid. (it mine?
Duk. Would ye had fed my selfe: might it not be so Lady?

Count. Sister, say I: I know ye can affoard it.

Orian. My Lord, I am your subiect, you may command me, prouided still, your thoughts be faire and good.

Du. Here, I am yours; and when I cease to be so,
Let heauen forget me: thus I make it good.

Ori. My Lord, I am no more mine owne.

Count. So: this bargaine was well driuen.

Gond. Duke, thou hast sold away thy selfe to all perdition; thou art this present houre becomming cuckold: me thinkes I see thy gaule grate through thy veines, and iealousie seize thee with her talents: I knowe that womans nose must be cut off, shee cannot scape it.

Duk. Sir, we haue punishment for you.

Or. I doe beseech your Lordship, for the wrongs this man hath done me, let me pronounce his punishment.

Duk. Lady, I giue to you, he is your owne.

Gon. I doe beseech your grace, let me be banisht with al the speed that may be.

Count. Stay still, you shall attend her sentence.

Orian. Lord *Gondarino*, you haue wroug'd me highly; yet since it sprung from no peculiar hate to me, but from a generall dislike vnto all women, you shall thus suffer for it; *Arrigo*, call in some Ladies to assist vs: will your Grace take your State?

Gond. My

Gon. My Lord I doe beſeech your Grace for any puniſhment ſauing this woman, let me bee ſent vpon diſcouery of ſome Iſland, I doe deſire but a ſmall Gundele, with tenne Holland Cheeſes, and ile vndertake it.

Oria. Sir ye muſt bee content, will ye ſit downe? nay doe it willingly. *Arrigo* tie his armes cloſe to the chaire, I dare not truſt his patience.

Gond. Mai'ſt thou be quickly old and painted; mai'ſt thou dote vpon ſome ſturdy Yeoman of the wood-yarde, and he be honeſt; mai'ſt thou be bar'd the lawfull lechery of thy Coach for want of Inſtruments; and laſt, bee thy wombe vnopen'd.

Duke. This fellow hath a prety gaule.

Count. My Lord, I hope to ſee him purg'd ere a part.

Enter Ladies.

Oria. Your Ladiſhips are welcome:
I muſt deſire your helpes, though you are no Phiſitions, to doe a ſtrange cure vpon this Gentleman.

Ladies In what we can aſsiſt ye Maddam, ye may commaund vs.

Gond. Now do I ſit like a Coniurer within my circle, and theſe the Diuels that are rais'd about mee, I will pray that they may haue no power vpon me.

Oria. Ladies fall off in couples, then with a ſoft ſtill march with low demeanures, charge this Gentleman: ile be your leader.

Gond. Let me be quarter'd Duke quickly, I can endure it: theſe women long for mans fleſh, let them haue it.

Duke. Count, haue you euer ſeene ſo ſtrange a paſsion? what would this fellow doe, if a ſhould find himſelfe in bed with a yong Ladie?

Count. Faith my Lord, if a cou'd get a knife, ſure a wo'd cut her throte, or elſe a wo'd doe as *Hercules* did by *Lycas*, ſwing out her ſoule: has the true hate of a womã in him.

Oria. Low with your curſeyes Ladies.

Gond. Come not too neere me, I haue a breath will poyſon yee, my lungs are rotten, and my ſtomack raw; I

am giuen much to belching: hold off, as you loue ſweet aires; Ladies by your firſt nights pleaſure, I coniure you, as you wo'd haue your husbands proper men, ſtrong backes, and little legges, as you would haue 'um hate your waiting women.

Oria. Sir we muſt court yee till wee haue obtain'd ſome little fauour from theſe gracious eyes, tis but a kis a peece.

Gond. I pronounce perdition to ye all; ye are a parcell of that damned Crew, that fell downe with *Lucifer*, and here yee ſtayd on earth, to plague poore men; vaniſh, auaunt, I am fortified againſt your charmes; heauen grant me breath and patience.

1. *Lady.* Shall we not kiſſe then?

Gond. No, ſeare my lips with hot irons firſt, or ſtitch them vp like a Ferrets: O that this brunt were ouer.

2. *Lad.* Come, come, little rogue, thou art too maidenly by my troth, I thinke I muſt boxe thee, till thou bee'ſt boulder; the more bold, the more welcome: I prethee kis me, be not afraid? *Shee ſits on his knee.*

Gond. If there bee any here, that yet haue ſo much of the foole left in them, as to loue their Mothers, let them looke on her, and loath them too.

2. *Lad.* What a ſlouenly little villaine art thou, why doſt thou not ſtroke vp thy haire? I thinke thou ne're comb'ſt it: I muſt haue it lie in better order; ſo, ſo, ſo, let me ſee thy hands, are they waſht?

Gond. I would they were looſe for thy ſake.

Duke She tortures him admirably.

Count. The beſt that euer was.

2. *Lad.* Alas how cold they are poore golls, why do'ſt thee not get thee a muffe?

Arri. Maddam, her's an old Country gentlewoman at the doore, that came nodding vp for Iuſtice, ſhe was with the Lord *Gondarino* to day, and would now againe come to the ſpeech of him; ſhe ſayes.

Oria. Let her in, for ſports ſake, let her in.

Gond. Mercie O Duke, I doe appeale to thee: plant

Cannons

Cannons there, and discharge them against my breast rather: nay first, let this shee furie sit still where shee do's, and with her nimble fingers stroake my haire, play with my fingers endes, or any thing, vntill my panting heart haue broke my brest.

Duke. You must abide her censure.

The Ladie rises from his knee. Enter old Gentlewoman.

Gond. I see her come, vnbutton mee, for she wil speake.

Gentlew. Where is hee Sir?

Gond. Saue mee, I heare her.

Arri. There he is in state, to giue you audience.

Gentlew. How doe's your good Lordship?

Gond. Sicke of the spleene.

Gentlewo. How?

Gond. Sicke.

Gentlew. Will you chew a Nutmeg, you shall not refuse it, tis very comfortable.

Gond. Nay now thou art come, I know it is the Diuels Iubile, hell is broke loose:
My Lord, If euer I haue done you seruice,
Or haue deseru'd a fauour of your Grace,
Let me be turn'd vpon some present Action,
Where I may sooner die, then languish thus;
Your Grace hath her petition, grant it her, and ease mee now at last.

Duke. No Sir, you must endure.

Gentlew. For my petition; I hope your Lordship hath remembred me.

Oria. Faith I begin to pittie him, *Arrigo* take her off, beare her away; say her petition is granted.

Gentlew. Whether doe you draw me Sir? I know it is not my Lords pleasure I should be thus vsed, before my busines be dispatched?

Arri. You shall know more of that without.

Oria. Vnbind him Ladies, but before he goe, this hee shal promise; for the loue I beare to our own sex, I would haue them still hated by thee, and inioyne thee as a punishment

aiſhmẽt, neuer herafter willingly to come in the preſence or ſight of any woman, nor neuer to ſeeke wrongfully the publike diſgrace of any.

Gond. Tis that I would haue ſworne, and doe: when I meddle with them, for their good, or their badde; may Time call back this day againe, and when I come in their companies, may I catch the poxe, by their breath, and haue no other pleaſure for it.

Duke. Ye are too mercifull.

Orla. My Lord, I ſhew'd my ſexe the better.

Count. All is ouer-blowne Siſter, y'are like to haue a faire night of it, and a Prince in your armes: lets goe my Lord. (griefe,

Duke. Thus through the doubtfull Streams of Ioy and True loue doth wade, and finds at laſt releefe.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

MAY 12 1930